

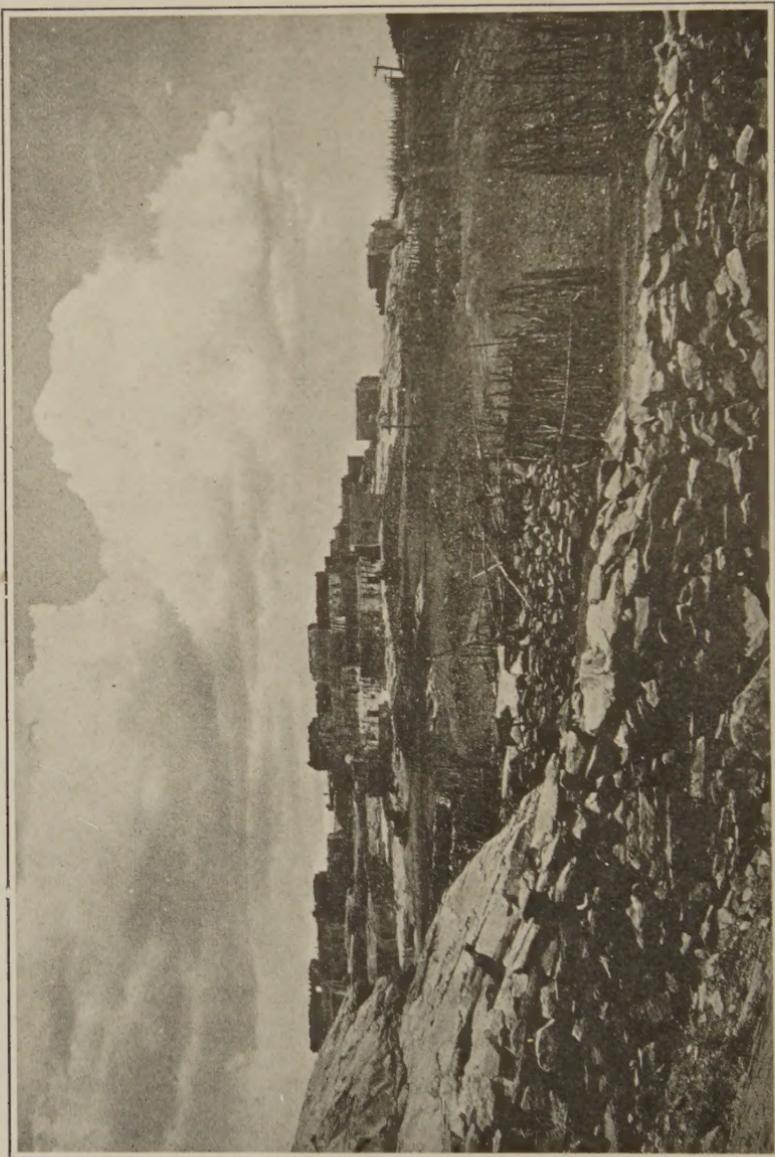
SCHAT-CHEN



HISTORY, TRADITIONS AND NARRATIVES
OF THE
QUERES INDIANS
OF
LAGUNA AND ACOMA

BY
JOHN M. GUNN

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John C. M.



PUEBLO OF LAGUNA

SCHAT-CHEN



HISTORY
TRADITIONS AND NARRATIVES

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The Continental pronunciation is used for all foreignwords in the stories, traditions
and anecdotes, found in last part of this work.

The drawings in this book are drawn by Queres Indians

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PREFACE

The eternal glory of all great things belongs to the one who has placed the first stone.—Renan.

We of today, the great Aryan race, who hold the scepter of civilization, must acknowledge our indebtedness—"with becoming admiration, what we have inherited from our 'ushite predecessors.'”—Baldwin.

They were the first civilizers, the first enlightened nation of antiquity. They taught the world the art of navigation, the phonetic alphabet and the science of numbers. They are the ones who gathered from different parts of the world and tamed nearly all of what we call our domestic animals. They were the architects who built the great monuments and cities, now in ruin, of Arabia, Egypt, Mexico and Central America. When at the height of their glory this nation had colonies in practically all parts of the world.

Hannibal, Thales, Dido and Cleopatra were of that nationality.

And the Queres Indians of Laguna and Acoma are one of the last fading remnants of that great people.

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INTRODUCTION

History should be an accurate account of every significant fact, but a good deal of ancient history of remote antiquity has come down to us from oral tradition. Before the invention of the phonetic alphabet, there was no other feasible way of recording acquired knowledge and historical events which people wished to preserve for future generations. After the science of letters was understood, it was an easy matter to copy these old yarns, but in many instances they had lost most of their original meaning; each one who repeated them imparted a certain personality and made slight changes. So it can be seen that traditions which have come down orally from dim antiquity to the present time, with never an attempt to analyze or confine to written words, present quite a problem for solution. Of such is the character of the Queres traditions. They are probably no more absurd than those of any of the ancient nations with which we are acquainted; for instance, the Grecian tradition of the Golden Fleece, or of Cadmus and the Dragon's Teeth, yet these traditions record two of the greatest scientific and historical facts of ancient times. The first circumnavigation of Africa by the Phoenecians. The second the introduction of phonetic writing in Europe. These old yarns would be pretty hard to decipher if we had no other historical data to guide us; but with the Queres it is different. We have no Herodotus, no Plato, no Strabo or Diadorus to help us; no inscriptions or hieroglyphies we might decipher, but we will proceed to untangle some of these knotty old yarns and abide by the verdict of the reader. We will begin with the authentic history left us by the early Spanish explorers in this country which introduces to us the Queres Pueblo Indians of Acoma and Laguna. We follow the accounts

of these old Spanish Conquistadores as long as they remain sovereigns of New Mexico, then by the pale, flickering light of tradition trace the ancestors of these Queres Indians away into the dim past, if not to their origin at least to a remote antiquity, guided at times only by fragments of traditions, a word, a phrase or certain features of their language; scattered here and there at long intervals along the trail now almost obliterated. As we follow their wanderings we feel for them a melancholy sympathy; they are the same in manner, customs and beliefs today as they were centuries before the haughty Caucasian trod the western continent, but at the dawn of the twentieth century we see the sign of a change and the time may be when the descendants of these Queres Indians will give to the world minds as great as the world has yet produced. Hoping that they may be guided and guarded by that great intelligence (Sitch-tche-nock-o) the spirit of reason to whom they pray, I have gathered these old myths, traditions and historical facts that have survived the obliterating influence of time.



A PLUME OFFERING TO THE DEITIES

SCHAT-CHEN

AUTHENTIC HISTORY

Laguna, village of the lake, though the lake has long been drained, and where the ripples once chased each other across an expanse of water two miles long by one-half mile wide, now wave fields of wheat and corn.

Youngest of the Queres villages, the exact date of settlement is indefinite. Certain, however, something more than 200 years have received the shelter of its walls and passed on to oblivion.

The Spanish records of the country put the date of settlement in the year 1699. De Thoma says: "The Queres of Cieneguilla, Santo Domingo and Cochiti constructed in the same year (1699) a new pueblo close to an arroyo, four leagues north of Acoma. On the fourth day of July, in 1699, this pueblo swore its vassalage and obedience, and received the name of 'San Jose de la Laguna.' " But from other historical sources and traditions it is evident that it was settled several years previous to this date.

The first reference to this particular place is by Hernando de Alvarado, an officer in the expedition of Coronado. In his report to the general he says:

"We set out from Granada (Ojo Caliente, one of the Zuni villages) on Sunday, the day of the beheading of John the Baptist, the 29th of August, in the year 1540, on the way to Co Co (Acoma). After we had gone two leagues we came to an ancient building, like a fortress, and a league beyond we found another, and yet another; a little further on, and beyond these, we found an ancient city, very large, entirely destroyed, although a large part of the walls were standing, which were six times as tall as a man, the walls well made, of good stone, with gates

and gutters like a city in Castile. Half a league or more beyond this we found another ruined city, the walls of which must have been very fine, built of very large granite blocks as high as a man.

"Here two roads separate, one to Chia (Zia) and the other to Co Co (Acoma). We took the latter and reached that place, which is one of the strongest places that we have ever seen, because the city is on a very high rock, with such a rough ascent that we repented having gone up to the place. The houses have three or four stories. The people are the same sort as those of the province of Cibola; they have plenty of food, of corn and beans and fowls, like those of New Spain. From here we went to a very good lake or (Laguna) marsh, where there are trees like those of Castile.

"From here we went to a river, which we named Nuestra Senora, because we reached it the evening before her day. In the month of September (8) we sent the cross by a guide to the village in advance, and the next day the people came from twelve villages, the chief men and people in order, those of one village behind those of another, and they approached the tent to the sound of a pipe, and with an old man for spokesman. In this fashion they came into the tent and gave me the food and clothing and skins they had brought, and I gave them some trinkets and they went off.

"The river of Nuestra Senora flows through a very open plain, sowed with corn plants. There are several groves and there are twelve villages.

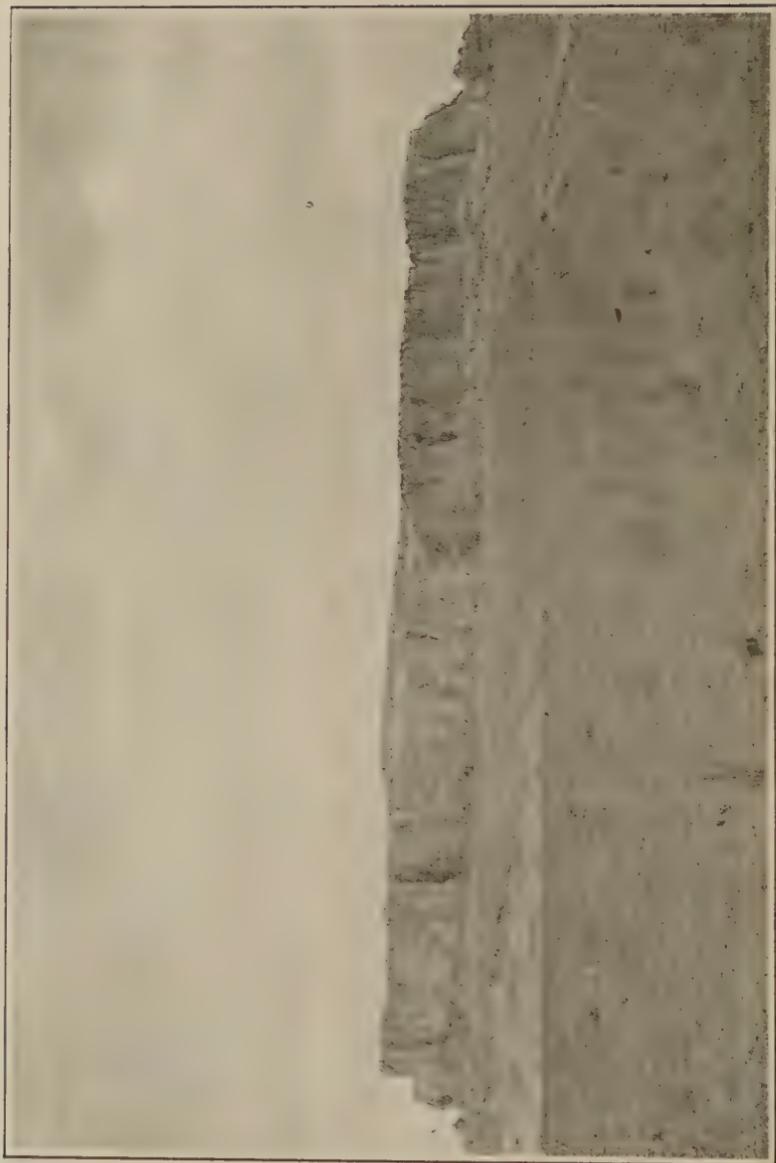
"The houses are of earth, two stories high. The people have a good appearance, more like laborers than a warlike race. They have a large food supply of corn, beans, melons and fowls in great plenty. They clothe themselves with cotton and skins of cows and dresses of the feathers of the fowls.

"Those who have most authority are the old men.

We regarded them as witches because they say that they go up into the sky, and other things of the same sort. In this province there are seven other villages, depopulated and destroyed by those Indians who paint their eyes, of whom the guide will tell your grace. They say that they live in the same region as the cows, and that they have corn and houses of straw. Here the people of another village came to make peace with me, and as your grace may see in this memorandum there are eighty villages there, of the same sort as I have described, and among them one which is located on some stream. It is divided into twenty divisions, which is something remarkable. The houses have three stories of mud walls, and three others of small wooden boards, and on the outside of the three stories with the mud walls they have three balconies. It seems to us that there were nearly 15,000 persons in this village. The country is very cold. They do not raise fowls or cotton. They worship the sun and water. In some mounds of earth outside of the places where they are buried and in the places where crosses were raised we saw them worship there. They made offerings to these of their powder and feathers, and some left the blankets they had on. They showed so much zeal that some climbed up on the others to grasp the arms of the cross to place feathers and flowers there, and the others bringing ladders; while some held them others went up to tie strings so as to fasten the flowers and feathers."

Here abruptly ends the report.

The lake of which Alvarado speaks, and which gave to the village the name of Laguna, was a short distance west of the pueblo. Geological evidence shows that at some time, many years ago, a stream of molten lava flowed down the valley, following the river, and filling up the channel where the stream ran, between bluffs, thus damming the river in many places and forming lakes.



THE VILLAGE OF ACOMA—SHOWING THE MESA OR ROCK ON WHICH THE TOWN IS BUILT

Such was the lake at Laguna. It is evident that a much larger stream than the present one once flowed through the valley, filling the basins formed by the lava flow and then pouring over the rocky obstructions, and in time wore a new channel through the solid lava, in some places a quarter of a mile long and forty feet deep, which must have taken ages to complete; the water being furnished in all probability by local glaciers, as there are signs of glacial action and moraines in the Zuni mountains to the west. After a new channel had thus been formed and the lake drained there came a period of drought and the beavers, taking advantage of the narrow channels, constructed artificial dams, again backing up the water and refilled the basins. Such was the lake when Alvarado and his soldiers first passed through here.

When the Indians came to build the town the beavers were frightened away, but the villagers continued to repair the dam from time to time until the year 1850, when on account of religious disputes the people refused to obey the officers or work together in unity. The dam washed away and the lake was drained. The Spaniards named the stream which supplied the lake the Rio del Gallo, probably on account of the mud hens which infested these marshes and lakes in great numbers, and which have some resemblance to a chicken, but as no mention is made of any habitation, it is safe to say that there was no settlement here at that time.

Fifteen miles southwest of Laguna rises the great rock of Acoma, crowned by the ancient pueblo of the same name. Basking in the summer suns and swept by the winter blasts of centuries, the old village, though now slightly in ruins, still smiles on the rugged mesas and fantastically shaped rocks with which nature has surrounded it, the great buttes and curiously eroded pillars, nearly all of which have some entertaining story of folk-lore connected with it, and are sure to excite the

imagination when viewed for the first time. The town was ever a source of wonder to the early Spaniards, who visited the country. They wrote the name indifferently, Co-co, Acuco, Tutuhaco, Hacus. Acuco was the name most frequently used. This name was adopted from the Zuni pronunciation. The native name for the village is Ah-ko or Stche-ahko, a contraction of the word Stche-ah-ko-ki or Stchuk-ko-ki, meaning a rude form of ladder, formed by driving sticks into the crevices of a rock. The Acoma Indians have a peculiar habit of accenting certain syllables of a word and slurring the rest. Thus it may be seen how the word originated.

From the base to the summit the rock of Acoma is about 300 feet, in area about sixty acres. There are at least ten trails leading up to the village from the valley below, two of which it is practical to ride on horseback.

The date of the first settlement of Acoma lies away back in the dim past. There was a tradition among them when the first Spaniards came into the country that their ancestors inhabited a valley about twelve miles north of Acoma, between the present Mexican village of Cubero and Mount Taylor, and that they were compelled to abandon their dwellings here and locate on the rock for protection against the constant raids of the Navajos and Apaches; this, they claimed, was 300 years before the coming of the Spaniards. This story is probable, as there are several ruins of pueblo villages in the valley.

Their stories and traditions show that at one time they inhabited the country to the west and south. There are extensive pueblo ruins in these parts not many miles distant from Acoma; the inhabitants, no doubt, being compelled to flee to the rock for mutual protection against their warlike neighbors.

One of the most notable sights in the vicinity of Acoma is the enchanted mesa, 430 feet from base to summit, with an area on top of about twelve acres. The

Indian name for this gigantic rock is Kut-se-muh, meaning he who stands in the door. The walls are precipitous, but there is one place where it is practicable to climb to the top by the aid of ladders. It is not probable that this butte was ever inhabited.

Although Fray Marcos de Niza was the first white man to visit Zuni and the first to give to the world a definite description of Acoma or Haeus, as he called the village, Coronado's soldiers were the first Europeans to gaze on the wondrous pueblo, and although most of Coronado's army passed this way on their journey to the Rio Grande, Coronado himself did not see Acoma till two years later, on his way back to Mexico.

As these pueblos are closely associated with the early Spanish history of New Mexico, I will begin with the first explorations in the country. The history of these pueblos is like a trail; it has its beginnings and endings, crooks and turns, forks, branches and crossings; in some places it is clear and easily followed, in other places it is dim or totally obliterated, and the historian is compelled to grope around, with no landmarks to guide him, nothing but a few fragments of tradition scattered here and there at long intervals. The authentic history of Laguna and Acoma begins with Coronado's expedition at Zuni. On August 29, 1540, Coronado sent Alvarado with a company of twenty men to explore the country to the east, taking as guide the war captain of Pecos, who, with two companions, had come to Zuni to see the white men. The soldiers named the war captain "Bigotes," meaning "Mustaches." The instructions to Alvarado were to return in eighty days, but, arriving at the Rio Grande and exploring the country quite thoroughly, he sent a messenger back with the report which we have already seen. About this time word was received that Tristan de Arellanes would soon arrive with reinforcements and fresh supplies from Sonora, so Coronado decided to move on

to the river. With this end in view he dispatched Garcia Lopez de Cardenas to intercept Alvarado on his return and pick out a suitable place to camp the army for the winter. As soon as Arellanes arrived Coronado placed him in command, with instructions to move on to the river, after resting the army twenty days, while Coronado himself, with a company of thirty men, instead of following the direct route which Alvarado had traveled, diverged to the south of Acoma in order to explore the country and visit a group of six or eight pueblos, at that time supposed to have been inhabited, to the southeast of Zuni.

After a journey of eight days of hardships, occasioned by cold and lack of water, Coronado and his little band reached the Rio Grande, near Isleta, and soon after joined Alvarado and Cardenas, twenty-four miles further north. The winter of 1540-41 seemed to have been very severe, but the Spanish suffered very little from the cold, being domiciled in comfortable houses. Castenada says: "As it was necessary that the Indians should give the Spaniards lodging places, the people in one village had to abandon it and go to others belonging to their friends, and they took nothing with them but themselves and the clothing they had on." But the Spaniards' clothing was wearing out and to provide new wearing apparel for his soldiers Coronado ordered the governor of Tiguex, a large pueblo close to where the army was encamped, to furnish 300 or more pieces of suitable cotton cloth. The governor agreed to furnish what cloth his people could spare, but suggested that the levy be divided among the different pueblos. Acting on this suggestion, Coronado sent his soldiers up and down the valley to collect the cloth. This turned out to be nothing less than a foraging expedition. Instead of taking what was given, the soldiers took what they wanted. At one of the towns a Spaniard got into trouble over a woman, the wife of

one of the principal men of the village. The Indians brought this grievance before the commander, but failed to obtain satisfaction. Concluding that there was no justice to be expected from the Spaniards they decided on a bold move, and one which, had it been successful, would have seriously affected the Spaniards. This was to drive the horses of the expedition inside the fortifications of Tiguex. This village was surrounded by a palisade or picket fence of cedar posts. In getting possession of the horses one of the Indian herders was killed, but the other escaped and gave the alarm to the Spaniards, who came in a body to the rescue of their animals. The pueblos were forced to abandon the greater part of the herd, but a few of the horses were rushed into the enclosure and the gates hastily barred. The next day some of the Spaniards went to the village to see about their horses. The Indians refused to allow them to enter the fortifications. The horses were being chased around and shot with arrows.

One account says that forty head of horses and seven head of the general's mules were killed at this time by the Indians. The Spaniards then attacked the town, but on account of its being so well fortified they could accomplish nothing. The general then ordered his soldiers, under Cardenas, to attack another town close to Tiguex, but not so well fortified. The fight lasted two days and nights, and then, under promise of fair treatment, the Pueblos surrendered. The instructions to Cardenas were to make an example of the Indians, so as to intimidate the rest of the natives and make them fear the Spaniards. Accordingly he had 200 of them burned at the stake, The rest of the Pueblos, whom the Spaniards had under guard, seeing the fate of their companions, broke away from their captors, but were pursued by the horsemen and slain to a man.

The same day that this tragedy happened the main

body of the army, under Tristan de Arellanes, arrived from Zuni. Intercourse between the Pueblos and the Spaniards was suspended. For nearly two months the army remained in its quarters, partly for this reason and partly on account of the snow and cold weather. The order which had been executed by Cardenas had its effect. The natives were suspicious and afraid of the Spaniards and refused all attempts at communication volunteered by the white men, especially at the village of Tiguex. As time passed the Spaniards became restless and wished to restore friendly relations and confidence with the natives. For this reason Cardenas, with a guard of thirty men, went to the village of Tiguex to have a talk with the principal men. The governor and one man agreed to meet him outside the village, provided he came alone and unarmed. This was complied with, and when the three had come together the governor seized Cardenas, while his companion struck him twice on the head with a club which he had brought concealed under his blanket. The guards, seeing their chief in danger, rode hastily up and rescued him, while the two Indians retreated to the shelter of the village, the inhabitants meanwhile pouring a shower of arrows on the Spaniards, but without doing any severe damage. Coronado then ordered an attack on Tiguex, but on account of its fortified condition and the fierce resistance of the Indians he changed his tactics and settled down to besiege the town, well knowing that in time the natives would be compelled to surrender. The siege lasted fifty days. The lack of water at last determined the Indians to abandon the town. This was done one dark night, but they were discovered and the sentries gave the alarm, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which nearly all the Indians were killed or forced to jump into the river and were drowned. What few escaped were captured the next day and forced into slavery.

I have related how the war captain acted as guide for

Alvarado to the Rio Grande, and from there to Pecos, where the Spaniards were royally received. There at the village of Pecos Alvarado met an Indian of a different tribe, a foreigner. The Spaniards gave him the name of Turk, on account of his peculiar head-dress. He entertained his eager listeners with wonderful stories of a land far to the east, which he called "Quivira," and the fantastic imagination of the Spaniards easily pictured a land far richer than Hernando Cortez had found in Mexico, or Francisco Pizarro in Peru. The Turk accompanied Alvarado's command back to the Rio Grande, and when Coronado arrived and heard the stories the Turk was the lion of the hour; nothing was talked of but the land of "Quivira" and the great treasures of gold and silver which the Turk described.

The Turk claimed that he had brought some trinkets of gold and silver and that the people of Pecos had taken them away from him. To obtain these trinkets Coronado sent Alvarado with a small squad of men back to Pecos. The people of the village solemnly denied ever having seen the gold and silver of the Turk. Unable to get what he was sent for, he succeeded in arresting the governor and his war captain and took them to the army headquarters, and during all this time they were held as close prisoners by order of Coronado. The historian tells us how, after keeping these two Indians prisoners for six months, they finally turned them loose, and then the expedition started on that grand march, with the Turk as guide, in search of the "Quivira," across the seemingly boundless plains of Kansas, and after reaching somewhere near the south boundary of Nebraska, they strangled the unfortunate Turk, thinking that he had deceived them, and then returned to the land of the Pueblos.

It is possible that the Turk was sincere and was leading the Spaniards to the great copper deposits of Lake Superior. Although Pedro de Tobar had arrived

with supplies and reinforcements to assist Coronado in his search for the "Quivira," the general decided to return, and after giving the army a brief rest, conducted the expedition back to Mexico, passing by Acoma and the present site of Laguna in the year 1542.

Almost half a century passes before we again hear of this country. The reports brought back by the expedition of Coronado were not reassuring, and few cared to brave the cold, the drought, the storms and the privations which seemed the only reward to be gained; but among these few were yet stout hearts willing to plunge into the wilderness of what is now New Mexico and Arizona for the sake of science and their religious faith. Among these was Antonio Espejo, who commanded an expedition to New Mexico in 1582. This expedition was organized by Fray Bernardino Beltran for this purpose, and for which he obtained permission from the viceroy of Mexico to rescue or determine the fate of three priests—Augustino Rodrigues, Juan de Santa Maria and Francisco Lopez—who had come to the Pueblos the summer previous with a small escort of twenty-eight men, under the command of Sanchez Chamuscado; the priests with their servants remaining among the Indians while the escort was sent back to Mexico. A short time after, however, two of the servants appeared in Mexico and reported that the priests had been assassinated, and to determine the truth this expedition started toward the north, following the Rio Grande, or as near to it as practical. Arriving at the pueblo of Tiguex, which Espejo calls Paola, in the winter of 1582, they learned that the report which the servants had circulated in Mexico was true.

ESPEJO AND BELTRAN

Espejo and Beltran then turned their attention to exploring the country, visiting Acoma, Zuni and the Moqui villages, and going as far west as where the town of Flagstaff now stands. From there they returned, passing by Zuni, Acoma and the present site of Laguna, in the early summer of 1583, and after visiting a few more of the Pueblos in the vicinity of the Rio Grande the explorers continued on to the Pecos village, where their reception was not very cordial, but nothing occurred to mar the record of the expedition. From here they followed the Pecos river to its junction with the Rio Grande, and thence to Mexico.

Espejo and Beltran were men of intelligence and humane principles. The account of their expedition is a bright page in history, not like that of Coronado and some others, who came later, who left to posterity a record stained with blood. Espejo was the first to give to the world an exact and minute account of the country and its inhabitants. He says: "Here we found houses very well built, with gallant lodgings, and in most of them were stoves (fireplaces probably) for the winter season. Their garments were of cotton and deerskins and the attire both of men and women was after the manner of the Indians of Mexico. But the strangest thing of all was to see both men and women wear shoes and boots with good soles of neat's leather, a thing which we never saw in any other part of Mexico. The women keep their hair well combed and dressed, wearing nothing else on their heads. In all these towns they had caciques, people like the caciques of Mexico, with sergeants to execute their commands, who go through the town proclaiming with a loud voice the pleasure of the cacique, commanding the same to be put into execution. The



A QUERES WOMAN IN NATIVE COSTUME

weapons they use are strong bows with arrows headed with flint, which will pierce through a coat of mail, and macanas, which are clubs of half a yard to a yard long, so set with sharp flints that they are sufficient to cleave a man asunder in the midst. They also use a kind of shield made of rawhide." It is a peculiar fact that within the last 100 years many of the arts practiced by the Pueblo Indians at the time of the Spanish invasion have been discontinued or lost.

One of these was the tanning of leather. At Laguna the first settlers understood the art, as the old vats in the sandstone indicate. This process was accomplished, probably, by the aid of the canaigre root, a species of dock, which carries a large percentage of tannic acid and which grows luxuriantly in the arid places of the southwest.

Another was the raising of the cotton plant. This was cultivated at Laguna and Acoma and probably by the Pueblos farther west. It is true the climate is too cold to make much success farming cotton at these pueblos, but it may have been of a more hardy variety than that which is now cultivated in the southern states. The average temperature at Laguna and Acoma is about 60 degrees, but subject to extreme variations. In the winter the thermometer frequently records 20 degrees below zero, and in summer very often 100 degrees above. They still do some weaving, such as belts and legging strings and a coarse woolen cloth which in color is black and used as an outer garment by the women, and worn in the same fashion as when Castenada wrote his narrative. He says: "They wear long robes of feathers and skins of hares and cotton blankets. The women wear blankets, which they tie or knot over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm out." They also wove a coarse cloth out of the maguey plant. This cloth was used as a background on which to construct their feather robes.

The women wear heavy leggings; these leggings are of buckskins, wound several times around, in some instances two or three inches thick. The principal reason for wearing them now seems to be style, but it may have been adopted primarily to guard against snakes.

At Laguna and Acoma were formerly large droves of turkeys; they were herded something after the manner of sheep. They told the Spaniards that the turkeys were reared for their feathers.

They had no idea of the metals other than the name. Espejo, being a practical miner, examined the mineral resources of the country over which he traveled quite thoroughly, considering the time he was here, and speaks very flatteringly of the mineral deposits; not quite so enthusiastically, however, as Fray Geronimo Zarata de Salmeron, whom I will speak of later, who says:

“As for saying that this is a poor country, I answer that there has not been discovered in the whole world a country of more mineral deposits than New Mexico.” When we consider that at that time New Mexico embraced nearly all of the country west of the Missouri river, we come to the conclusion that Salmeron was correct in his statement. The ideas of the early Spaniards with regard to the mineral wealth of New Mexico were romantic, and would have led one at that time to suppose that Midas had visited this country. The seven cities of Cibola—what fantastic dreams of gold and silver chased each other through the brains of those old Spaniards, and when it was discovered that those fabled cities were nothing more than rude Indian villages, with houses built of mud, with no doors except a hole in the roof, as one writer says, “like the hatchways of ships.” Another mirage started up in the distance to lure them on—The “Gran Quivira”—but still it is not to be wondered at that the most absurd tales of treasure in this vast wilderness of the north would find belief after the dis-

covery of such quantities of gold and silver by Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru, and this feverish craze seems to have been the principal incentive for most of the early explorations in this country. In the year 1862 there was found in the pueblo of San Juan, forty miles north of Santa Fe, a peculiar old document by Theodore Greiner, at that time agent for the Pueblo Indians. It Supposes to be a conversation between Cortez and Montezuma. This is the manuscript translated from the Spanish:

“They will respect and obey me in whatsoever I will command, there being nothing in my order against you. I will treat all with much leniency, without prejudice to any. I will teach them the law of Jesus Christ, God of Heaven, Him unto whom all should render and give infinite thanks for the benefaction they are about to receive from the Children of the Sun; that they should ever come to receive cheerfully the waters of baptism and to which should respond all the Indians who hold good faith and disposition to follow the Christian faith.

“From this issued much pleasure and delight among all the people, dances taking place in which there was shown no rancor or complaint against the Children of the Sun, and seeing this the king, Montezuma, who had manifested as much joy, said to the great Cortez that, as his children had had so much joy in being transferred to his (Cortez’s) control, he charged him that he would look upon them and would treat them with much leniency, and would teach them to worship the most true God, to which Cortez answered him that he thus would act, for which purpose they both signed it in Mexico the same date. After this being signed Montezuma commanded all the Indians to present homage (render tribute) to the great Cortez, which the Indians fulfilled, running to their places of habitation, some to bring jars of gold, others pieces of silver, others pointing out the very rich mines

they had of gold and silver. The young Indians presented their baskets of fruit and eatables for all the Children of the Sun. This current of feeling and action reached all the Indians. In all the pueblos they came to visit, nothing was hidden. And the great Cortez regaled them with all that was brought for which reason there was much joy, that he saw for himself that in being subdued they had not felt nor held complaint, and that they were rather pleased with the Children of the Sun on being acquainted. Montezuma and the great Cortez returned to confer. Montezuma asked of the latter that he would tell him how he knew of this kingdom, as that was what he wished to make manifest. The great Cortez said: 'Great monarch, I will tell you how I came to know of the discovery of this great kingdom. There was a little schoolgirl named Maria Aguada de Jesus in the convent, who was absent from school for two hours. Upon the mistress going to punish her this said child said that if she would not punish her she would tell the truth of where she had been. Then the mistress said, "Well, tell me where you have been." Then she said to the mistress: "In that moment much water appeared, which I saw, and I went through it until I was able to step upon the other side, where there was a great kingdom in which were many Indian dances; and I saw a great king who had an imperial crown of gold upon his head, all emplumed." Whereupon the mistress went and related this to the king of Spain, and as this king now had notice of the king of Indians but did not know where he was to be found until this little girl discovered it, the king ordered that she (the little child) should take three days' time to arrive and bring with her the plumes of that king's crown for certain. The child came and the king, being about to go forth to dance, as soon as he took off the crown the girl took the plumes and went and presented them to the king of Spain.

“ ‘As soon as the king took hold of the plumes in his hand, he said: ‘Eagle plumes the king of the Indians wears; make diligence to know where he is that I may engage to conquer him.’’ Thus it was, great monarch, that your kingdom was made known. Now I also wish you to answer me, concerning how many provinces has New Mexico, and mines of gold and silver?’ The monarch said: ‘I will respond to you forever as you have to me. I command this province, which is the first of New Mexico—the pueblo of Teguayo, which governs one hundred and two pueblos. In this pueblo there is a great mine near-by in which they cut with stone hatchets the gold of my crown. The great province of Zuni, where was born the great Malinche. This pueblo is very large, increasing in Indians of light complexion, who are governed well. In this province is a silver mine and this capital controls eighteen pueblos. The province of the Moqui; the province of the Navajos; the great province of the Grand Quivira that governs the pueblos of the Queres and the Tanos. These provinces have different tongues, which only La Malinche understands. The province of Acoma, in which there is a blackish-colored hill in which there is found a silver mine.’ Seeing this, the great monarch sent Malinche to these provinces of New Mexico to the new conquests. And La Malinche conquered and took possession of the part in which were all in the best disposition to comply with the orders of the great monarch, for which he commanded it to the Spaniards who entered to locate their missions.’’

There doesn’t seem to be anything particularly remarkable about this old manuscript but nonsense, except where it speaks of: “The province of Acoma, in which there is a blackish-colored hill in which there is found a silver mine.”

Aside from tradition, which has mythical mines of gold and silver scattered all over New Mexico, Arizona

and California, it looks like there may be something in this story, somewhere in the vicinity of Acoma.

Here is a letter which may have some bearing on the subject. It explains itself, barring probably a slight introduction. Col. W. G. Marmon, to whom the letter was written, came to this country in 1868 and married into the Laguna tribe, and was therefore a member of the pueblo. William Brockway, who wrote the letter, was employed by the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company as foreman on a work train:

“July 18, 1889.

“Pursuant to our agreement, entered into July 1st, 1889, regarding a silver mine in Valencia county, N. M., I will endeavor to give you a sketch of the history of the finding of this mineral. It will necessarily be a long story to make the matter plain to you, but I will make it as brief as possible. During the winter and spring and up to July 1st, 1882, I was employed on the A. & P. R. R. as foreman of a work train. I had with me as timekeeper and operator Matt Daly, who was given the mineral by an Indian at McCarties station. We were laying at McCarties and working between Bluewater and Rio Puerco. Daly showed me the mineral about the time it was given him. We were all this time like two brothers, sleeping together and everything, but the exact location of this mineral I was knowing to. He showed me the mineral at once. It looks just as if silver and lead had been melted and run together. It is as dark through as lead or darker, in thin pieces, but cuts bright with a knife; it is in exactly the form of melted lead. I considered this a freak of nature, a blow out of an ore chimney at a time of immense heat and eruption. I finally got him to have it assayed. He sent a piece to Burlingame—Denver—and got a return of \$800, and a little more, to the ton. He would not believe it and sent samples to San Francisco and Socorro and they all

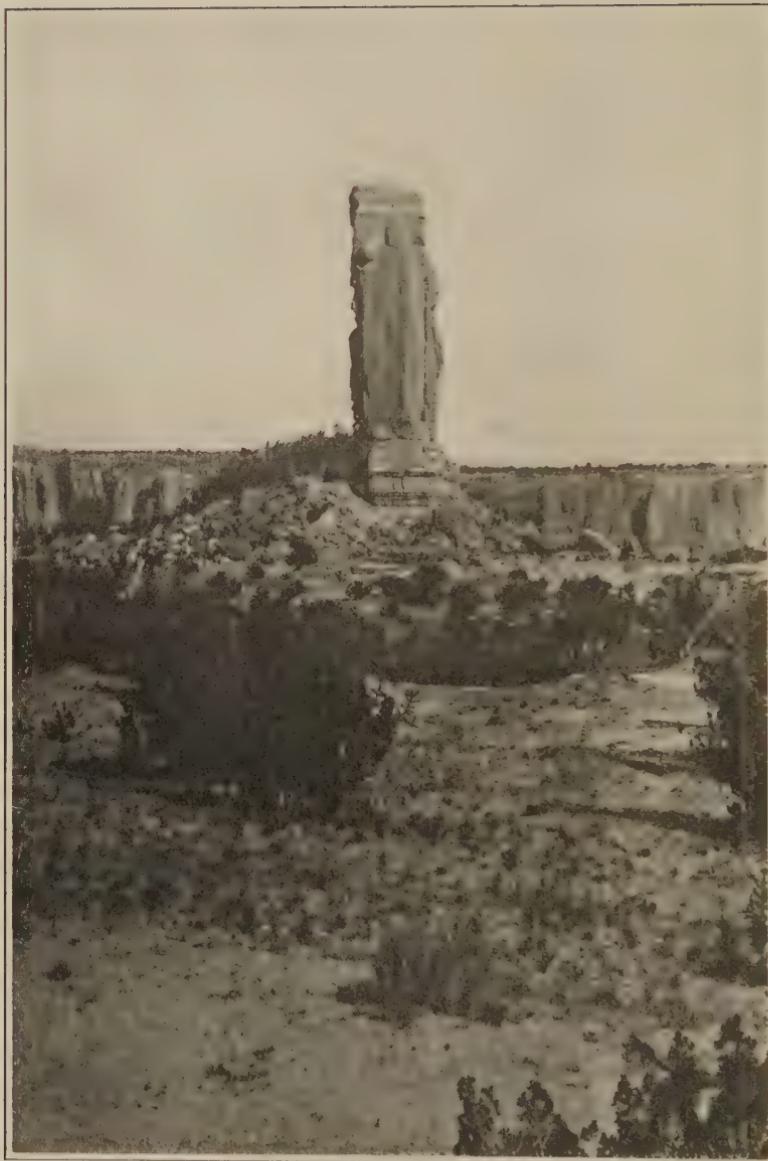
agreed closer than usual in assays. He was then satisfied he had a good thing and told me considerably of his past mining experience and said he had been beat out of the only good claims he ever had in Leadville and the Black Hills and was bound no one should know of the locality of this mineral until he was sure of his location. He made no location, as he was in error regarding locating on Indian land, on account of being all through the Black Hills campaign with Crook and saw the government would not let any whites locate on Indian land. His idea then was to go to Washington; he had a friend, Congressman Ross of Ohio, who had been an operator with him when they were boys together. He told me repeatedly that all he wanted was a very narrow strip from the side or end of the grant; that the mineral was just inside of the grant line. I at this time never had any doubts or thoughts of it being anywhere but on the Acoma grant, nor ever have since. It was mutually understood between us that it was there. The mineral was given him at McCarties. It was from there he went to the place, never being gone long enough to go any distance. The fact of his wanting this map shows it was not on the Navajo reservation, although I was with him in the cashier's—Denison's—office when he told Joe Allen, a relative of Denison's, that if he (Allen) insisted upon it, that it was on the Navajo reservation, he could have it so. Joe Allen worked on Matt two or three days and I guess started him on the drunk in order to get the information from him. You have probably heard of this story and of their hunting the Navajo country high and low for this mineral. I know that Matt was never on or near the Navajo reservation and that was how he came to admit to Allen that it was in the Navajo reservation, just to put him off. I believe I have seen the Indian at McCarties station that gave Matt the mineral. He used to hang around the boarding cars. I don't

know as he lives right there at the station. Also Matt told me of an Indian at Bibo's store at Grants taking a piece of this mineral as big or bigger than your hand out of the top of a sack of wool. He bought it of the Indian and buried it, so he told me. We were ordered into town the last day of June, '82, to disband our outfit. Matt and I roomed together at Lilwall's on Front street. He had said before this that he would start for Washington when we got through with the work or job we were at. On July 5th or 6th he started, on the night of the third he got on the drunk that finally caused his death in Elmira, N. Y. I said to him the night of the 4th in the room at Lilwall's, when I saw he was on the drunk, that I proposed going east with him. He would not hear to it, said he wanted me to stay right where I was and watch things and see that no one got onto it while he was gone and that I should consider myself a partner in it. He would have told me where it was, that is the exact location, but I said no, that if anyone should get onto it while he was away I might be blamed for it, and I would rather not know it; of course being distinctly understood always that it was in the neighborhood of where he was given the mineral. I said to him: "Now, Matt, between you and me as partners in this matter, is there enough in this to justify you in going?" He said there was not sacks nor teams enough in Albuquerque to haul away what was just buried under the sand all ready to sack up. He said it was covered up by sand but you could kick it out of the sand or soil with your foot. He kept on the drunk all the way east and died in Elmira, N. Y., from exhaustion and delirium. The map I send with this is the one I gave him at Lilwall's. I have marked a few locations I wanted to look up, the line running northwest and southeast is on a dike of trap rock, but I think you would do better to hunt among the

Indians for lead. It was my intention to hunt this up myself. I have been at McCarties twice about six years ago for that purpose, but could only stay a day or two and could do nothing. I got the job at El Rito in hopes of being transferred to McCarties.”

It appears from this old document that the name Zuni originated and was applied to these Indians at that early date. The name is a construction of a Queres word, Se-un-ne, meaning acquainted. The Zuni name for themselves is She-we.

The first Spanish explorers in this country called them “Cibola.” The Queres language has given several words to the English vocabulary—Coconino, the name of a county in Arizona. The word is a modification of Co-ne-ne, a name applied to the Supai Indians, inhabiting a branch of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The name means nearly the opposite of the word for Zuni; as generally applied it means a person who is dull, or very reserved, or hard to get along with.



STANDING ROCK NEAR THE VILLAGE OF ACOMA

JUAN DE ONATE, FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE

In the early spring of the year 1598, Juan de Onate entered the province of New Mexico with a command of 201 men, taking formal possession and assuming control as first governor of the territory, commissioned by Count de Monterey, viceroy of Mexico. Going as far north as the pueblo of San Juan, close to where the Rio Chama enters the Rio Grande, here he established his headquarters and base of supplies, naming the new settlement San Gabriel. Onate entered upon the work with an energy worthy of the time, visiting all the pueblos of New Mexico, and even those in what is now the territory of Arizona, the first year, receiving from each their oath of allegiance and obedience to Spain. It was Onate's wish and cherished ambition to explore the country to the west, as far as the coast, and as everything seemed tranquil, he decided to carry his wish into effect. Going ahead with a small company, intending to rendezvous at a certain place in Arizona where Juan de Zaldivar with reinforcements should join him later. It had been noticed that the cacique or governor of Acoma, Zuta-kapan (the name probably a construction of Seutchene-kapana, meaning I gave him pancakes), was one of the very last to come before the governor and take the oath of allegiance, and this was done in a sullen manner. But at this time Onate considered the occurrence not worth of serious thought. The oath was taken on October 27, 1598. On December 4, just a month and 8 days later, Zaldivar and his companions arrived at Acoma, and camped at the foot of the rock. The Spaniards confiding in the apparent friendship of the Indians, climbed the steep trail and were scattered through the village in small groups, when

all at once without a moment's warning, the Indians rushed upon them and hand-to-hand the Spaniards fought for their lives, but the numbers were against them. Zaldivar was killed by Zutakapan with a club. Besides Zaldivar, 10 of his men fell before the fury of the Indians. Two servants were thrown into the crevices of the rock and perished there. Five of the soldiers jumped from the rock to the valley below; one lost his life and the other four escaped with slight injuries. These carried the news back to Onate, who, hearing of the trouble had returned to San Gabriel. He immediately dispatched Vicente de Zaldivar with 70 men to punish the Acomas and quell the revolt. On January 21 the Spaniards appeared before the pueblo of Acoma. On the 22nd they began the attack, fighting two days and one night before the Indians surrendered. Of the 3,000 inhabitants of the village but 600 remained. These were compelled by the Spaniards to abandon the village on the rock and build habitations in the valley, the old town being destroyed and the fortification torn down. Onate's account of this is certainly exaggerated, not only with regard to the number of inhabitants, but other things.

On the south side of the Acoma mesa is a detached portion with quite a wide space separating it from the main rock on which the village stands, except at one place where it narrows down, forming a possible crossing. It is said that after the Spaniards had gained possession of this rock, Vineente de Zaldivar clad in a full suit of mail jumped across this chasm. But this circumstance should go a long way towards expelling any doubt as to the location.

Some historians think that the description of the place where the fight took place, as given by Onate, is not applicable to Acoma, and that it is a question whether this trouble did not occur at some other village similarly situated. The Acoma Indians have no tradition of this

particular fight or that the town was ever destroyed, nor does the old village show any evidence of having once been torn down, and there is no indication of any settlement having been made in the valley near the Acoma mesa. It is possible that Zaldivar and his companions mistook some other pueblo for the real Acoma.

To the west of Acoma and within a radius of 15 to 20 miles are the ruins of several different pueblos, some of these like Acoma and similarly located, one in particular, about 16 miles west of the pueblo. Here are the ruins of a village, or rather two villages, close together, on a rock of about the same dimensions as that of Acoma. The place is known to the Americans as the "Montezuma mesa" and to the Acoma and Laguna Indians as the Aut-sin-ish, meaning "like a woman's dress." The ruins appear as though the village had been destroyed by some other force than the slow disintegration that time produces.

To jump from either Acoma or this rock would be equally dangerous. At the foot of the mesa in the valley are the ruins of a compact village, which might correspond to the dwellings which the Spaniards compelled the Indians to build after the village on the rock was destroyed.

On the 7th of October, 1604, Onate, accompanied by 32 men, sallied forth on his last trip of exploration that history records. This was the second attempt to clear away the mists that veiled the country to the west.

Like the former expedition, in which the brave Zaldivar lost his life, this came very near ending disastrously. Passing by Acoma in the fall of 1604, then to Zuni and from there to the Moqui pueblos, thence southwest to about where the town of Prescott is located, thence south to the Gila river, which he followed to its junction with the Rio Colorado, which stream he followed to its mouth; crossing the river here he took for-

mal possession of the country to the west in the name of Spain.

On his return, instead of retracing the route already traveled, Onate struck a direct course northeast toward the pueblos. The expedition was launched almost immediately into a trackless desert, where thickets of cactus contested their march at every step. They suffered severely from lack of water. Their provisions became exhausted and finally they were compelled to kill and eat their horses for food. The expedition at last reached Zuni in a forlorn condition in the spring of 1605. Onate held the office of governor until the year 1608.

From this date on for 72 years the history of New Mexico is almost a complete blank. Santa Fe was settled by Europeans some time between 1605 and 1616. There are several reasons for this discrepancy. Principal among these was the Pueblo revolt of 1680. General Antonio de Otermin, who was governor of New Mexico at that time, may have carried many of the records away, and these might yet be found in Mexico or in Madrid, and possibly some of them in Rome. What were left were destroyed by the infuriated Indians.

Another destruction of valuable records occurred in 1846. Governor Manuel Armijo allowed many valuable records to be used in making cartridges to repel the Americans under the command of General Kearney, but were never used. It was reported that William A. Pile, who was governor of the territory in 1869-70, consigned many valuable documents, historical records and land papers to the waste basket, thinking no doubt that was the quickest way to settle the grant title question, which was even then, and has been ever since, a thorn in the side of New Mexico, by retarding immigration and keeping the people in isolated communities where ignorance is the password. There are many valuable church records of historical value still in existence. In 1618 Ger-

onimo de Zarate de Salmeron was appointed first parish priest of the pueblos, embracing Jemez, Zia and Acoma, consequently visiting the latter many times. He returned to Mexico, where he lived to write a valuable work, entitled *Relaciones*. Acoma, ever a rebellious factor, revolted against the Spanish rule in 1629 and again in 1645.

In the year 1650 the Pueblo Indians were on the verge of a grand rebellion, faint rumblings of the storm which 30 years later swept the Spaniards from the country. A priest by the name of Juan Ramirez lived in Acoma during the decade 1650-60 and returned to Mexico, where he died in the year 1664. The Acomas, who from the first defied the authority of the Spanish soldiers, allowed the priests to come among them unmolested, and had these old generals used a milder form of persuasion to bring the Pueblo Indians under subjection than the force of gunpowder, the sword, and the battle-axe, I would have no hesitation in saying that there would have been little trouble with these people.

Nearly all who wrote at this time of the Pueblos testify to the amity of their disposition. Alvarado says, "The people have a good appearance, more like laborers than a war-like race." Castaneda says, "These people are not cruel." Jaramillo says, "All these Indians, except the first in the first village of Cibola, received us well."

THE POPE REBELLION

The coming of the bearded warriors with coats of mail had been prophesied years before by the Indian seers, and the natives as a rule revered the first of those haughty Conquistadores with a deference almost akin to worship, but the cruel treatment in return and the heartless persecution kindled a spark of hatred and distrust which smouldered in the hearts of the Pueblo Indians for years, and at last blazed forth in that fierce fire of revenge, the great Pueblo revolt, sometimes called the "Popé rebellion," when, with but probably a single exception, every Caucasian was put to death or driven from the country, and for 12 years the Pueblos held the country against the successive attacks of Otermin, Ramirez, Cruzate and Posada and it was owing to enmity among the Pueblos, which resulted in a war, and prevented them from acting in unity, that Diego de Vargas reconquered them in 1691-92.

There is a difference of opinion among historians as to the cause of these wars among the Pueblos after the Spaniards were compelled to abandon the country. I will not stop to debate the cause. Enough to say that the facts show it to have been jealousy and rivalry. This rebellion, which proved so destructive to the Spaniards, was planned and generaled by a Tigua Indian from the Pueblo of San Juan, known to history as Popé, at that time a fugitive from justice, and living in Taos. The word Popé is a Queres word, "you tell," and it is probable that he was of Queres extraction.

It was intended that the general revolt should take place on the 13th of August, and plans laid accordingly. Somewhere about the latter part of June or the first of July Popé sent to each of the different Pueblos, with the exception of the Piros, who refused to join the rebellion,

messengers with final instructions and bearing a knotted cord for each of the villages, each knot corresponding to a day, and when the last knot was counted the massacre was to begin; but Popé, hearing that the Spaniards were aware of the contemplated outbreak, changed the date to three days earlier, and the storm burst forth with all its fury on August 10, 1680. Every Spaniard was sentenced to death, 380 soldiers and civilians and 21 priests suffering that penalty, and all surviving Caucasians were compelled to flee from the country to save their lives. General Antonio Otermin, who was governor of New Mexico at that time, was forced to abandon Santa Fe, and with a venom compounded of jealousy, hatred and ignorance, every paper and Spanish document was destroyed. Churches were desecrated, pillaged and torn down, and mines that had been worked by the Spaniards were filled up and a severe punishment was inflicted on anyone who should speak a word of the Spanish language. All marriages performed by the priests were annulled and Spanish names cancelled. Popé also decreed that all villages which had harbored the Spaniards should be abandoned, and he even went so far as to prohibit the planting of grain and garden seeds which the Spaniards had introduced. It was further decreed that no Spaniard should ever witness their custom dances or religious ceremonies, rites, etc. To the latter they adhere to the present day.

When Otermin was driven from Santa Fe, Popé became dictator, a good commander in war, but a poor executive and counsellor in time of peace.

Intoxicated by his success, Popé, like Alexander the Great, imagined that he was superior to mortal beings and insisted that the Pueblos pay him divine honors. The Indians soon tired of this hero worship and of certain obnoxious customs that he had instituted, and Popé was deposed and Luis Tupatu, a Tano, of the village of Pi-

cures, was elected to his place, but held the office only a short time, when he was deposed and Popé reinstated, but he died in 1688, and Luis Tupatu was again placed in command. He held the office until he surrendered to the authority of Diego de Vargas in 1691; but long before this the internal wars among the tribes had severed the bonds of union, and Popé's dream of an empire comprising all the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona faded like the colors of the rainbow as the storm disappears.

In speculating on this rebellion, though tradition is silent and history meager, it is barely possible that La Salle, that daring French explorer, or his emissaries had more to do with inciting this revolt than has ever been recorded.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF LAGUNA.

During this period the inhabitants of the pueblo of Cieneguilla, a Queres village near Santa Fe, abandoned their town and moved in a body to Laguna. Others in small bands soon followed from the Queres villages Zia, Santo Domingo and Cochiti. About one-half mile southwest from the pueblo of Laguna are the ruins of a small village. This, according to tradition, is the first settlement made at this place. The town was settled by Indians from Acoma and called Koshtea. They organized an independent or separate government of their own. This led to trouble with the parent town, Acoma, culminating in a series of fights. It was at this time that the Queres Indians around Santa Fe were leaving their villages and seeking new habitations. They were welcomed by the villagers of Kosh-tea, but the newcomers, not liking the location of Kosh-tea, on account of its exposed position, settled on the present site of Laguna. This was a rough sandstone hill or point of ridge covered with oak brush, cedar and pinon. The place was known to the hunters and people who frequented these parts as Kush-tit Kow-ike. Kushtit is a word used for dry sticks and limbs suitable for firewood, and Kowike is a con-

traction of the word Kowisho or Kowinesho, meaning a pond or lake.

The old pueblo of Kosh-tea was finally abandoned, the inhabitants taking up their residence in the new village of Laguna, or as they call it, Kowike. The internal wars amoing the Pueblos produced great changes. All the tribes were greatly reduced in numbers. The Tompiros were completely exterminated. The Queres, for some reason, suffered least of all.

One branch of the Tanos, tiring of the ceaseless warfare and fearing the vengeance of the Spaniards, should they return, moved away from Santa Fe, under the leadership of Frasquillo, a mere boy, who had been educated by a Spanish missionary, and had a fairly good education. For this reason and from the fact that he had distinguished himself in murdering his benefactor, Simon de Jesus, he was placed in command. This band sent their agents to Laguna and Acoma in search of a new location to build habitations, but being of a different tribe and late antagonists of the Queres, they were advised to move on. They next went to Zuni, but with no better success. From here they went to the Moquis. These people being of a mild disposition allowed them to settle in their country for a certain length of time, but, like the Goths whom the Greeks allowed to settle in Grecian territory, at the expiration of that time they refused to move, and their descendants still live in the village of Tigua, or as it is sometimes called, Han-no. At the breaking out of the Popé rebellion there were three priests in Acoma—Christobal Figueroa, Albino Maldonado and Juan Mora. With regard to the manner in which these priests were put to death historians differ. One account says that they were taken to a high point on the edge of the Acoma mesa, where the face of the rock is a sheer precipice of 300 feet, and compelled to jump off. Two were killed outright on striking the

ground beneath; the third escaped in a peculiar manner. In jumping, the air caught under his cloak or gown, forming a sort of parachute, and thus the force of the fall was broken. The Indians, seeing how he escaped death, attributed it to divine intervention and gave him his liberty. Another account says that they were tied together with a hair rope and driven through the streets of the village, beaten with sticks and pelted with rocks until Figueroa, becoming desperate, infuriated the Indians by prophesying that within three years the Spaniards would return, that the village of Acoma would be torn down, and the inhabitants exterminated. On hearing this the Indians rushed upon them and speedily put them to death. The bodies were afterward placed in a cave in the rocks north of the town.

In 1681 Otermin came back to recapture the pueblos. He met with no serious opposition, as most of the Indians had abandoned their villages and fled to the mountains. Some of these abandoned towns Otermin had burned, but fearing the effect of a severe winter on his stock he returned to El Paso, taking with him eight prisoners and 393 newly converted Indians, principally from Isleta. Among the captives was a Queres priest or medicine man, known as Pedro Naranjo, from the pueblo of San Felipe, who had the distinction of being one of Popé's chief advisers and councillors. When questioned with regard to the Pueblo revolt, he said that there were two principal causes: First, the persecution of the Indians by the various predecessors of Otermin; and, second, the interference of the Spaniards with the Indians' religion, which came to a climax during the administration of Governor Trevino, who had all the estufas destroyed.

THE PRIEST WHO SURVIVED.

Near where the town of Bernalillo now stands, but on the opposite side of the Rio Grande, is a heap of mouldering ruins, last sad reliques of a once happy and prosperous village. This is the Tiguez of Coronado, Paola of

Espejo, and Puari of Rodrigues. This was a Queres village and called by the natives "Po-ri-kun-neh." The name signifies butterflies. Here is where Coronado allowed the atrocities to be committed in the winter of 1540-41. At the time of the breaking out of the rebellion there was a priest at this village, who, by kindness and humanity, had won the affections of the natives; so, instead of putting him to death, one of the Indians took him a long way from the village under cover of darkness, and then giving him sufficient food for several days, commanded him to go in peace. The priest kept in the mountains, avoiding the settlements and traveling westward until he reached the Pescado spring near Zuni; here he was discovered by a party of Indians, who were hunting antelope. The Zunis took pity on the poor, half-starved being, fed him and took him to the village of Zuni. There he adopted the costume of the Indians. I shall speak of him again.

DIEGO DE VARGAS, GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO

In 1691 Diego de Vargas was commissioned governor of New Mexico by the Count of Galves, viceroy of Mexico at that time, and dispatched with an escort of fifty soldiers to bring the Pueblos into subjection. The Pueblos, as we have seen, were divided against one another, and de Vargas found it comparatively easy to recapture the towns along the Rio Grande and around Santa Fe. After the river pueblos were brought into subjection de Vargas led the attack in person against the pueblos of the west, Laguna and Acoma, Zuni and Moqui. The Laguna Indians, hearing that the Spaniards were coming, placed all the women and children of the tribe on a high bluff, or rather bench of the mesa, about three miles north of the town, and left the old men to guard them. The old fortifications are still there. The place is known as the Stchumits Sin-otes (white bluff).

The Spaniards were repulsed at the first attack, but the Lagunas, seeing that further resistance was useless, surrendered. After arranging terms of peace with them, de Vargas secured the services of the cacique and his war captain to act as guides for the expedition to Acoma and Zuni.

The Spaniards named the cacique Antonio Coyote. His Indian name was "Kum-mus-tehe-kush" (white hand).

The war captain they called Pancho. The expedition arrived at Acoma on November 3 with something over 100 Spanish soldiers (the command having been reinforced) and fifty Indian auxiliaries.

The Acomas surrendered without a blow and on the 4th again swore the oath of allegiance and obedience to

Spain. On reaching the pueblo of Zuni, de Vargas was met by an unexpected obstacle, the natives having fled to the top of "Thunder mountain," from which it was impossible to dislodge them. The Spaniards decided to surround the mountain, which is only a large butte of about 1,000 feet altitude, and starve the Indians into subjection. The Indians laughed at the Spaniards and would thrown down rushes, which had been brought from the springs in the valley, to make the enemy think that there was abundance of food and water on the mesa. But time passed; the wily Spaniard kept his ground; things began to look serious for the Zunis; they knew that the tanks of water would soon be exhausted and the food consumed. They held a council and it was decided that the priest, whom we have before spoken of, should treat with his countrymen. The priest asked for a tanned buckskin, then with a piece of kiel he wrote a message to the commander. When the writing was finished the priest handed it to the chief man, requesting him to have it thrown down where the soldiers would see it. One of the warriors, tying a stone in the end of the skin, threw it far out from the edge of the mesa. The Spanish guards were on the alert and saw that something of importance was taking place on the mountain, and hardly had the skin touched the ground when they were there to pick it up; but imagine their surprise when, upon examination, they found a message in their own native tongue. It was speedily delivered to de Vargas, who at once opened negotiations with the priest, and terms of surrender were agreed upon. The priest accompanied de Vargas and his command when they returned to the river. Several of the Zuni Indians, who had become attached to the priest, followed as far as Laguna, where they took up their residence. This story of the priest is traditionary, but there is historic evidence enough to show that some priest survived the massacre of August 10. Cushing refers to him

in some of his writings of the Zuni history and tradition. De Thoma says, "Fray Jose de Esboleta, a native of Estella, in the heroic province of Navarre, came to New Mexico in the year 1650 and took charge of the missions of Oraibe, one of the Moqui villages," and that Juan, a Picuris Indian, informed the authorities at El Paso that he had seen the priest alive in the pueblo of Xongopavi, one of the Moqui villages, in 1682, enslaved by the Indians. De Vargas, however, makes no mention of him in his reports, but this may be accounted for from the fact that de Vargas was brief in all his writings, verifying the old saying that actions speak louder than words; or as one writer, speaking of de Vargas, says: "His manuscripts, unlike the old Spanish documents, which are beautifully engrossed, forces on you the reflection that as he carved his way through the country with the blade of his sword, he did his writing with the hilt."

There is no mention in history of this fight at Laguna. De Vargas states that after receiving the oath of allegiance and obedience of Acoma he and his command moved on towards Zuni. Arriving there they found the Indians fortified on the butte, "Thunder mountain," or, as he calls it, "Penasco de Galisteo," and that before beginning the attack he sent a certain man of the pueblo to tell them that he had come with peaceable intentions, and on November 11 the Zuni Indians surrendered. In one of the houses he found several articles of church apparel.

As I have said, this incident of the fight at Laguna and the negotiation of the treaty with the Zunis, through the help of the priest, is merely traditional, but from the fact that the Indians say that the captain of the Spaniards was named Diego, seems to show that this trouble took place during his administration. But there are other events which indicate that it may have happened during Cubero's term of office. It seems that Cubero banished three Mexican citizens to the pueblo of Zuni



THE BUTTE "EL MORO."

THE BUTTE OF "EL MORO"—INSCRIPTION ROCK

whom the Zuni Indians promptly killed, and for which violation of the law Cubero led an armed expedition against them, and it may have been during this campaign that the incidents related occurred.

From Zuni de Vargas made a short trip to some of the Moqui villages and then returned to the Rio Grande by the way of Acoma and Laguna. He left, however, his autograph on the rock "El Moro," or "Inscription Rock," about thirty miles east of Zuni. Although the inscriptions were known to the natives and some of the early traders in that part of the country, they were first copied and made public by Lieutenant J. H. Simpson, September 19, 1849. He was first lieutenant topographical engineer to Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Washington. This is the inscription translated:

"Here was General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for the Holy Faith and the Royal Crown at his own expense, all of New Mexico, in the year 1692." De Vargas was not the first, however, who carved his name on this rock, as there are other inscriptions bearing the early date of "Don Juan de Onate, April 16, 1605," and "Don Jose de Basconzeles, 1626."

Referring to the priest, it is possible that he returned to Zuni and took up his abode, adopted the costume and accommodated himself to the customs of the Indians (in fact there is traditional evidence to emphasize this statement), and by so doing was dropped from the church calendar. The Zuni Indians who followed the command as far as Laguna brought with them a new society or order called "Chaqin." In some respects it resembles Masonry. The Zunis claimed that it had been taught to them by the priest, but not being allowed to practice it in Zuni, on account of the opposition of the medicine orders, they had come to Laguna, which, being a new pueblo, any new order would be welcomed. It is quite a popular order

yet, and known as the "Chaqin," or the Order of the Black Mask.

The two guides and several others from Laguna accompanied the command to the Rio Grande. There de Vargas presented Antonio Coyote (Kum-mus-che Kush) with a cane as a badge of office as governor of the new pueblo, and requested the Lagunas to return to their village and build a church, and that when it was completed he would send a priest to preside.

The church was built in due time. The old structure still stands, adjoining the present Roman Catholic church, on the south, and is known as the "House of the Principales." Once every year in April the old men of the tribe meet in this building and rehearse their beliefs and ancient traditions. The priest, Fray Juan Merando, came, as promised, and brought with him the image of San Jose. Taking the image to the river he dipped its feet into the water and rechristened the stream Rio de San Jose, the name which the stream bears to this day. In 1696 many of the Pueblos again revolted against the authority of Spain. De Vargas succeeded in bringing them all to terms as far west as Acoma, which stubbornly refused to surrender.

PEDRO RODRIGUEZ CUBERO'S ADMINISTRATION

The same year de Vargas' term of office expired and Pedro Rodriguez Cubero was appointed to fill the vacancy. Cubero had also been empowered to arrest de Vargas on certain untrue and unjust charges, preferred against him by those who were jealous of his fame and popularity and success in quelling the Indian troubles of New Mexico.

On these charges de Vargas was imprisoned for three years in Santa Fe, but finally, obtaining a hearing before the viceroy of Mexico, was pardoned and reappointed governor of New Mexico in 1702, and Cubero returned to Mexico. It was during Cubero's administration that Laguna took the oath of allegiance and obedience to Spain, which we have before alluded to, on July 4, 1699, and received the name of San Jose de la Laguna, in honor of its patron saint, San Jose. On July 6, of the same year, 1699, the Acomas renewed their oath of obedience and allegiance which had been so many times broken, and their patron saint was changed from San Pedro to San Estevan. De Vargas died on April 7, 1704, at the town of Bernalillo, and his remains were buried in the wall of the old church at Santa Fe.

ANTONIO DE OBEJADA AND THE GRANT TITLE PAPERS

Let us go back to the year 1689. Domingo Giron Petriz de Cruzate, at that time military governor of New Mexico, was waging a war of extermination against the Pueblos. In his attack on the Zia Indians 600 of them were killed and 73 captured, the captives being taken to Mexico as slaves. Among these captives was an Indian known by the name of Antonio de Obejada (probably a corruption of Antonio de Ojeda). He seldom is mentioned in history. He was one of the principal chiefs in the Popé rebellion, and held the same rank as Tupatu, Catiti and Jaca of Taos. He claimed to be a native of Zia.

He was well educated, being able to read and write the Spanish language, and although suffering from a serious wound received in battle, he was taken to El Paso. The authorities, finding him very intelligent, questioned him with regard to the lands claimed by the different pueblos, and on his testimony grant titles were issued to several of the pueblo villages—namely, Picuris, San Juan, Cochiti, Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Jemez, Zia, Laguna and Acoma.

The records show that like papers were issued to all these different pueblos in the year 1689. The original grant title papers of Acoma and Laguna, however, have never been found since the occupation of the country by the Americans, but on the recorded evidence the United States government, in 1876, surveyed to them the lands claimed. The Acoma grant was confirmed by congress and patented as surveyed. The Laguna grant as surveyed in 1876 was never confirmed by Congress. In 1890 the government appointed a commission to investigate

the old grant titles in New Mexico and Arizona. They found evidence to show that the Laguna claim was valid, but too large, and suggested that it be cut down. Consequently it was surveyed again in 1895, giving them a body of land six miles square, with the village of Laguna in the center. Subsequent to the date of the grant, 1689, Spanish squatters settled at different times on different parts of the land claimed by the Lagunas, and in order to get them away without trouble the Indians bought their improvements and what land they claimed. These parcels of land are three in number and comprise about one-half of the original grant. They are known as purchases. Their claim to their land was recognized by Spain and later by the republic of Mexico. We will speak of these different purchases as we come to them.

In 1744 Joaquin Codallos became governor and captain general. It seems that he tried in a way to assist the Indians, for in 1746 he had two missions established for the conversion of the Navajos, one about fifteen miles north of Laguna, at Cebolleta, and the other about ten miles northwest of Laguna, at Encinal. These missions were quite popular with the Indians for a time, but when the novelty of the institution wore off the Navajos, like their prototypes (Arabs) folded their tents and moved away, and the church vestments were removed to Laguna.

Governor Codallos also lent his aid in re-establishing the pueblo of Sandia, which had been abandoned since the rebellion of 1680-91.

This town was repopulated with Indians from Moqui (Ho pi) principally, a few from Acoma and Laguna. Sandia is located about fifteen miles north of Albuquerque; it has very few inhabitants now and seems to be again on the verge of extinction. It may interest the reader to know a little more of the history of this pueblo of Sandia. During the revolt of 1680-90 the Indians of the village abandoned their pueblo and moved in a body to

Moqui. During the administration of C'odallos they were brought back and settled, first on the Rio Puerco, at a place called Ojito, but for several reasons, principally the incessant raids of the Navajos and Apaches, they were again removed to the old pueblo of Sandia. The ruins of this settlement on the Rio Puerco are still to be seen close to the little village of Ojito. In 1788 Juan Bautista de Anza was appointed civil and military governor of New Mexico. He undertook the task of Christianizing the Moqui Indians, but met with no success, further than inducing about thirty families to abandon their country, which is very arid and barren, and settle among the pueblos of the Rio Grande. As they were passing Laguna a little girl of the party became sleepy and hid herself among the weeds and pumpkin vines and went to sleep, while the party continued on without her. When night came on she awoke, and seeing the lights in the houses, came to the village, was adopted, and grew up with the rest of the Laguna children. Her descendants, the Moqui Sun people, represent one of the largest clans in the tribe.

In the year 1801, during the administration of Ferdinand Chacon, a Spanish colony and presidio, or military post, was established at C'ebolleta, fifteen miles north of Laguna. This is the place where Governor C'odallos fifty-five years before had the mission built for the purpose of evangelizing the Navajos. The garrison consisted of thirty-five soldiers. The grant issued to the colonists bears the date of 1801 and names thirty-three grantees. Among the first on the list are the names of Jose Maria Aragon and his brother, Francisco Aragon. Soon after the settlement of the colony Jose Maria Aragon took up his residence among the Laguna Indians and married a woman of the tribe. In 1802 the Navajos, who claimed that section of the country, forced the colonists to abandon the settlement and they returned to Chihuahua.

hua, Mexico, but were brought back the following year under a military escort, and cautioned that if they ever returned again their lives would pay the penalty. This statement seems singular, that free-born citizens of Mexico should be transported back to New Mexico by force, and might lead one to the belief that C'ebolleta was originally a convict colony. But it is claimed by the old settlers that the colonists were under contract to remain in the country and the Spanish governor took this means of compelling them to live up to their agreement. In 1805 the Navajos laid siege to the town in earnest. The village was at that time surrounded by a high wall, but the Navajos, numbering about 3,000, succeeded in forcing the gates, and would have massacred the entire population, but for the timely assistance of the Laguna Indians, under the leadership of Jose Maria Aragon, who was recognized by the Spanish authorities as *alcalde*, or justice of the peace, of Laguna. When the Navajos broke through the gates the settlers were compelled to barricade themselves in their houses, and then the fight began at close quarters.

It is said that a woman killed a Navajo chief by dropping a metate from a window on his head. A metate is a stone used for grinding corn by hand. The story says that there was an American in the village at the time. They called him the *sargento* (sergeant). He had received a desperate wound from an arrow, but with the fighting instinct peculiar to those old pioneers, he climbed to a window, and there with his trusty rifle fought until he died from the effect of his wound. The Laguna Indians in the meantime had attacked the Navajos in the rear, and the latter were compelled to retreat. In return for the services of the Lagunas the settlers recognized the Pueblos' title to a strip of land joining the C'ebolleta grant on the south, which had been in dispute. The land was occupied at the time by four Mexicans. Miguel Mo-

quino, Vicente Pajarito, Pascual Pajarito and Antonio Paguate, from the village of Cebolleta, but to quiet the title the Lagunas purchased the improvements of these settlers, and under petition the Spanish government gave them a title to that part of the grant which is now known as the Paguate Purchase. The military post, or presidio, established at Cebolleta was continued by the Spanish authorities until Mexico became a republic in 1821; then by the republic of Mexico till New Mexico became a territory of the United States, and was re-established as a camp by the United States government, occupied first by Colonel Jackson's command in 1846, and continued until 1862, when it was removed to "El Gallo," close to the present town of San Rafael, thirty-five miles west of Laguna, and called Fort Wingate. In the year 1760 a Spaniard by the name of Mateo Pino settled on the Laguna grant at a place which is known as "El Rito," but on account of the raids of the Navajos and Apaches he was compelled to move away, but in 1825 his son and sole heir, Guaehin Pino, and another Spaniard, by the name of Marcos Baca, returned to the place claiming that Mateo Pino had been granted a large strip of land in that vicinity. The Laguna Indians bought the claimant out and by petition to the Mexican governor secured title to the land. It is known as the "El Rito" purchase.

In 1836 Pino and Baca moved to a place eleven miles west of Laguna and bought a quiet claim from a Navajo Indian by the name of Francisco Baca, and established the town of Cubero.

In 1870 Fort Wingate was moved to its present site at the west end of the Zuni mountains. The history from here down to the occupation of the country by the Americans is meager and not of much interest. There were occasional raids of the Navajos and Apaches, and even Utes. These prowling nomads never attacked the pueblos of Laguna and Acoma in force, but contented themselves



THIS SHOWS THE MEDIEVAL OR RECENT STYLE OF
COSTUME WORN BY THE QUERES

The pipe or flute is their national musical instrument. It differs from the ordinary flute by being simply a hollow tube and requires considerable practice by the novice to sound the notes

with waylaying the lone herder or hunter, robbing him, and in many cases leaving his dead body as a ghastly reminder of their wanton atrocities. Many wonderful tales of daring are told by the old men of the village; of fights with these wild denizens of the mountains; of children that were captured by the Navajos or Apaches, and certain instances, when, after long years, they returned to their native pueblos. Many of these stories are strange and romantic. It was necessary for the people to be continually on their guard. Their stock was penned in the village or as near as possible. The only door to the dwellings was a hole in the roof, only accessible by means of a ladder, which could be drawn up in time of siege. The windows were small, with slats set in, or sometimes a slab of selenite (crystalized gypsum) to answer the purpose of glass. With all the trials and troubles which they have passed through, however, Acoma and Laguna have about the same number of inhabitants as when their first authentic history began. The early Spaniards were prone to exaggerate the number of inhabitants of nearly all the pueblo villages. The population of Acoma in 1680 was estimated at 1,500; in 1798 at 757; in 1860 at 491; at present about 500.

The population of Laguna in 1797 was 817; in 1860, 988; at present about 1,500.

The Queres Indians were never particularly cruel to their captives or criminals. When death was the sentence they were speedily executed or marooned on a high rock or ledge of a precipice, from which it was impossible to escape, and there left to perish from hunger and thirst, or throw themselves down, to be killed on the rocks below. This mode of punishment was called Tit-Kash. Their war whoop was Ah-Ah-Ai, the first two syllables prolonged, the last short and abrupt.

THE RAID OF THE APACHES.

The last raid by the Apaches in this part of the country was in the summer of 1881 while Vitorio was

chief of the tribe. They came in from the south, a band of about fifty warriors. From the time they left their stronghold their trail was marked by destruction. At the Cienega, from where we will follow their course, a spring and ranch about forty-five miles south of Laguna, were two Mexican families. They barricaded themselves in a little fortress which had been built for such emergencies and were able to repel the attack. The next place was a spring and ranch house known as Ojo Torri-bio. There was no one living at this place at the time, but a Mexican named Pablo Pino had just reached the place with two wagon-loads of freight for his sheep ranch, seventy-five miles southwest, and seeing a band of Indians approaching suspected it to be Apaches on the war path. He drove his oxen into the corral and then taking several sticks to represent rifles he and his son climbed to the top of the house, which had a parapet about two feet high along the edge of the roof furnished with loop-holes for defence. He arranged his sticks so it might appear to the Apaches that eight or ten men were concealed on the roof. The bluff worked, for, after surveying the situation and a short parley, the Indians went on, giving the house a wide berth. The fact was that he had one good rifle, a .45-caliber magazine gun, which might have done considerable execution. This Pablo Pino was a nephew of Guachino Pino, who settled at El Rito in 1825, and claimed the El Rito grant. He was married to an American woman, Frances Skinner, who had come to this country as a companion and assistant in 1851 to the wife of Samuel C. Gorman, the first Protestant missionary to Laguna.

The Apaches crossed over a high ridge, or tableland rather, to the head of the El Rito valley. On this table-land they met a sheep herd. They killed the two herders and scattered the sheep to the four winds. At the south end of the El Rito valley was a Mexican ranchman by

the name of Gregorio Montanio, with his family, and the morning of the day the Apaches made the descent into the valley his wife told of a dream or vision or premonition or whatever it might be called, and described the coming of the Apaches so vividly that they decided to hide out for the day. So, taking a lunch and a few other necessary articles, they repaired to a little spring about a mile distant, where there were huge rocks which offered excellent places for concealment, and as the day passed they began to think it a false alarm, but about two o'clock in the afternoon they saw a smoke in the direction of their dwellings and then they knew that the Apaches were there. They saw their house in flames. The corral and wagons, everything that would burn, was subjected to the torch. There were two big wagons loaded with wool belonging to sheep men by the name of Ballejos. These they burned and they killed every living thing around the place that they could find. A Laguna Indian was hunting a stray horse in that part of the valley and saw the band of Apaches as they wound down through the hills. Not stopping to estimate the number or their possible direction, his duty as he considered it was to warn the pueblo, thirty miles distant, where he arrived a while after dark, but long before he arrived the village was aroused by his cry of warning or war whoop, and as it rang out on the still air of the evening it sounded to one who had never heard the cry before very much like the quick, sharp bark of the coyote, omitting the howl.

An advanced guard was hurriedly dispatched to engage and intercept the enemy, while runners were sent to the different villages to give the alarm, and in an incredibly short space of time warriors began to arrive, armed for strife. The gathering of the clans, probably was the last time that the old village will ever witness such a sight. They were all well armed with modern

firearms and each had his emergency ration rolled up in a cloth and tied around his body. But it seems that the Apaches had not come with the intention of battling with warriors worthy of their steel, for instead of coming any further north they turned abruptly west and ascended out of the valley at a place called the Alcon. Here, at the brink of this mesa or tableland they ran foul of a big herd of sheep. They killed the two herders without ceremony or mercy and took what sheep they wanted to eat and went on. The cook, or camp man of the sheep herd, had gone for water with his burros (donkeys) and was just returning. He saw the Apaches killing his companions and made a hasty retreat, concealing himself in a deep canyon, thus saving his scalp.

The Apaches went from here to a big spring and ranch about fifteen miles distant, known as the Seboya, arriving there early in the morning while the people, two men and a woman, wife of one of the men, were at breakfast. They were mistaken for Navajos on a hunting expedition and invited in. The reply was a fusillade from a score or more of rifles and the two men fell dead, pierced with bullets. The Apaches took the woman with them. They were closely pursued by United States soldiers but managed to evade them and reached Sonora, in Mexico. After two years of captivity the woman got away and returned to her people in Cubero.

The Lagunas, knowing that the Apaches might be followed by United States troops, abandoned the trail after following several miles, fearing that they might be mistaken for the raiders.

New Mexico, as well as all of this southwestern country, is subject to violent sand storms at certain seasons of the year. The wind blowing over the dry sand seems in some way to electrify it so that it leaves the earth and is carried on the wind, and so dense is it at times that it is hard to distinguish objects a few feet distant. It was

during one of these storms that a little boy was herding a bunch of goats about two miles west of the village of Laguna. He had sought the shelter of a stunted cedar tree to obtain what protection it would offer, when, like an apparition, a painted Apache warrior on his mustang loomed up alongside of him. The Apache reached down and grabbed the boy and rode away to join his companions. They were on their homeward journey from a marauding and thieving trip and in due time they reached their country, the Mogollon mountains, two hundred miles southwest of Laguna. The boy was, of course, considered a servant and the property of the man who captured him, but he was allowed most all the privileges of the other children and as he grew up he became an expert with the bow and arrow and a daring horseman, and could outdistance the swiftest of his captors. There was jealousy, however, among some of the younger men on account of his abilities, but especially with one whose affections were centered on a certain dusky damsel who seemed to prefer the society of the captive. She overheard a plot to assassinate the Laguna to get rid of him and lost no time in telling him what she had heard, telling him that he would have to make a break for his liberty, otherwise they would kill him. The plan was arranged that he should hide somewhere near the camp that night and the next day, and the following night she would tie a fleet horse where he could find it and then it would be up to him to make his get-away. So in the night, when all was quiet, he went to a big hollow log which lay on the bank of a little stream close to the camp and crawled into the cavity. The next day the children came to play along the stream and around the old log. Now the Apaches as well as a great many of the Indians of this section of the country, are very superstitious about a rattlesnake, so he imitated the chur-ur-ur-ur of the reptile and they all ran away. When night came

he crawled out from his retreat and went cautiously to the place designated and found the horse and a little sack of food. It took but a moment to untie the animal and spring onto his back, but by some misfortune he was apprehended and then began a chase through the dark defiles and steep trails of the mountains. It was hard work to make much distance in the dark so when the day dawned he knew that his pursuers were close behind him, and as the hours passed that they were gaining. Ahead of him was a deep gorge or canyon. Now there is another peculiar feature of nature in this country and that is what is commonly called a cloudburst. It seems that the cloud vapor collects over one spot, piling up miles in height, and then as the vapor begins to condense the water falls in torrents. Such a phenomenon was just happening at the head of this gulch, but he reached the opposite bank just as the flood swept by and when he had gained the ridge beyond, looking back, he could see his pursuers baffled by the raging torrent of water. He kept on his course, eventually reaching Laguna. His parents were still living and welcomed their long lost son.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Thus far we have followed authentic history or traditions, which can be verified by historic records. We now take the trail of tradition pure and simple. This lays before me a task of no small magnitude, to trace this people back over the road now all but obliterated, with no familiar landmarks to guide me, nothing but the few fragments of tradition scattered here and there at long intervals, the sound of a word that has survived the changing influences of time or the echo of an ancient song that seems to float down to us from the dim past. Rollin, the great historian, says something to the effect that the principal incentive to the study of the history of a people and the value derived from it is to discover where they made mistakes and to profit by their experience. With philosophers and statesmen this is true, but with the average person the incentive is curiosity and the value derived is the satisfaction of knowing.

This peculiar condition of the mind called curiosity, a compound of reason and instinct, or in the undeveloped brain probably the first shadow of reason. We find throughout the animal kingdom, with few exceptions, a certain desire or longing, to find out, to become familiar with that which is mysterious, or that which they do not understand. It is this same mystic influence that impels the human mind to delve into the unknown and to gather fragments of truth, which, arranged in proper order, we call knowledge. Who are the Queres Idians? Who were their ancestors, and where did they come from? The early Spanish explorers in the country classified the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona according to their languages into nine different nations, viz., Tigua, Tegua, Tano, Queres, Piros, Tompiros, Xumanos, Tusayan and Cibolan. Of these the Queres were then as now, one of



THIS REPRESENTS A QUERES INDIAN IN HIS
ANCIENT COSTUME

Notice the peculiar head gear, from that peculiarity originated their name for hats—O-stchut-suts—a lid or covering broken or torn apart

the most enlightened, as well as one of the most numerous; it present numbering seven different tribes - Acoma, Laguna, Zia, Santa Ana, San Felipe, San Domingo and Cochiti.

Their traditions are faded and covered with the dust of ages and badly patched with fragments from other traditions, but enough is left revealed to show that we may be able to trace these people, if not to their origin at least to a remote antiquity. The meaning of the name Queres is rather indefinite; it seems to be an obsolete word, but possibly may be some word changed by Spanish usage. There is a secret society or medicine order called Korina, or Que-ran-na, which may have suggested the name to the Spaniards. Han-no is their own name for their people. The word is significant; literally translated it means "Down East," but it may be a Phoenician word, as Hanno was a name common among the Phoenicians. In all tradition there is a thread of truth, which, if it could be untangled from the romance which ages of superstition and ignorance have surrounded it, would prove a valuable addition to history. One great trouble in deciphering these old traditions is that in many instances they have been mixed, not only with other traditions of the same people, but with traditions from other people.

When a Queres Indian commences to tell a story he begins by saying Humma-ha; these words to him now have no particular signification, and are used merely as words of attention or introduction, as we would say "Once upon a time," but at one time they meant something more, as the words indicate, Humma, when, and ha, east, and were used to introduce a class of stories brought from an eastern country. Among all the tribes of the Queres nation there is a tradition, or rather two versions of the same tradition, called "Shipop, stchemo;" the exodus from Shipop.

One version of the tradition says that in an eastern

country all the people came out of a big water into which poured all the rivers of the earth, and though these rivers flowed for ages, never was the big water augmented, but that it would rise and fall at intervals.

Another version of this same tradition says that somewhere in the north, a few days' journey from the present Pueblo village, all the first people came out of a deep hole in the earth. Into this hole poured four great rivers from the four cardinal points, and although these rivers flowed constantly, never was the pit completely filled to the brim. The water would, however, rise and fall rhythmically. The latter version of the tradition is part Queres and part borrowed. Many of the Indian tribes of the southwest have this tradition of their origin in the bottomless pit. These traditions, as the Indians tell them, are clothed with a great deal of romantic and mythical nonsense, having been handed down orally from generation to generation, each one who repeats them making slight changes. Thus one tradition becomes merged or confounded with another, until time and place become a confused mass; so when asked where his ancestors came from the Queres Indian will answer "From the north," which is correct, but only answers a part of the question, as we shall proceed to demonstrate. Many of the old folk lore tales not only describe in a way the country from which they were brought, but also give the direction. Thus some refer to the north, others to the east or southeast.

The story or tradition of Shipop says that when the first people came out of the water the land was soft, or, as they express it, the land was not ripe (Sah-kun-unt), and that, not finding firm ground on which to build habitations, they continued on to the south of the unripe land and there finding a suitable place built a village and called it the "Kush-kut-ret;" kush is now an obsolete word, but in ancient times it was their word for white;

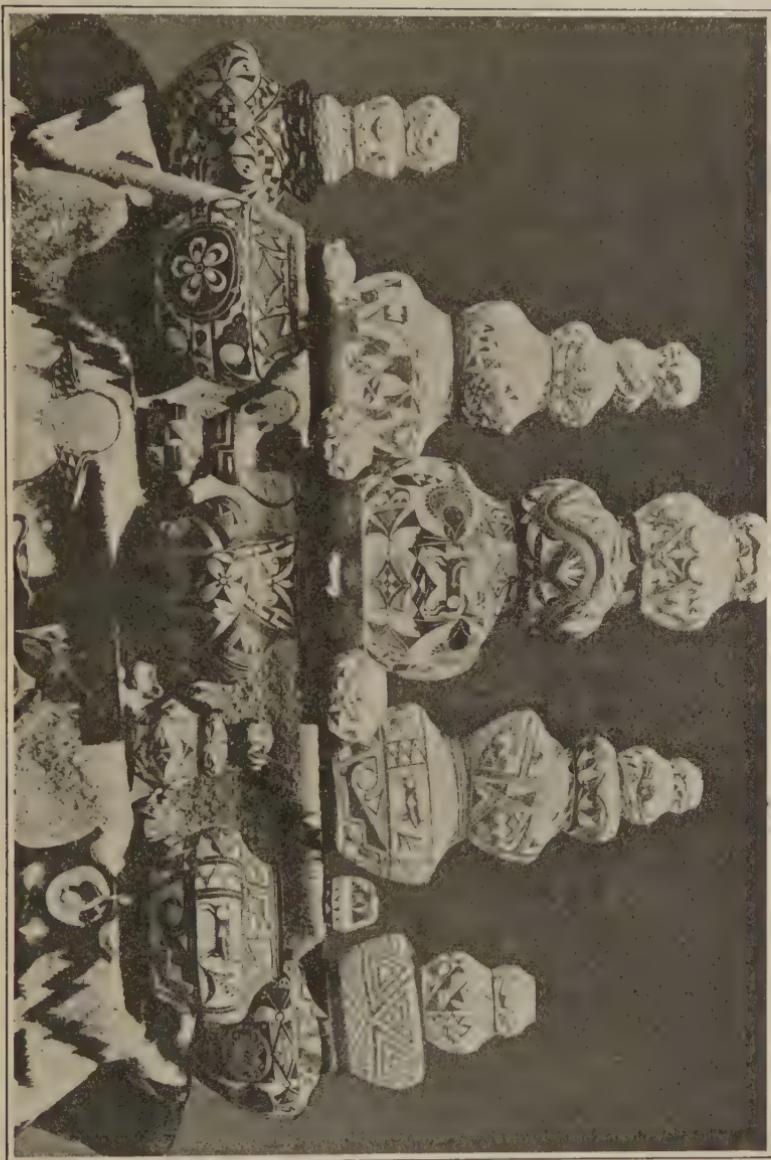
kutret is the Queres word for house, so the structure they built must have been a compact village or pueblo, with numerous rooms, resembling a large house. We will call it the "White Village."

From here the tradition refers to a country still east of the "unripe land," a country of no small extent, for it was considered a remarkable feat to make a journey around it, and they say that but few men ever made the trip. They tell us that the country was surrounded by water on all sides (shra-cna-komisho-putch), literally the edge of the water all around. Their early traditions and beliefs point to this island, for such it must have been, as the cradle of the Queres nation—the island of Shipop. Now, in the water which surrounded this island lived a monstrous animal or fish, the "Wa-wa-keh," that vomited water. This fish came up and threw such quantities of water over the land that it was submerged, and all the people who had remained on the island perished. These traditions at first seem nonsensical, but when we apply reason, assisted by the recent discoveries in archaeology, we find that they are consistent. They are peculiar in one way, showing that these Indians were at one time a seafaring people.

Along with these romantic traditions there are several others for making this assertion. They speak of the land they once inhabited as being surrounded by water (shra-ena-kowisho-putch), and the end or limit of the world, or where the sky to their early belief, met the horizon. They call the edge of the water "kowisho-putch," and they call the place where the sun rises and sets "the house of the sea or lake of flame," "kowi-kutch," showing that the sun must have risen and set, according to their belief in former times, in the waters. The big animal or fish, "Wa-wa-keh," that vomited or blowed water, was the whale. Certain feature of the language also verify this statement. The name for some of

the colors was suggested to them by the water; thus, striped, kow-i-shu-shuts, the trembling of the sea or lake; spotted, ko-i-sup-pe-uts, the splashing of the sea or lake; the name for white, know-istchum-mits, the reflection of the light on the sea or lake; the name for blue, kow-wishk, though somewhat obscure, may be traced to a similar source, a word or phrase meaning "like the sea or lake." I have traced these Indians to their origin, or at least as far back as their traditions will take us, and witnessed the destruction of their island home.

Of course, we cannot accept their romantic theory of the destruction of their land by the marine monster, the "Wa-wa-keh," but we can believe that such a catastrophe may have happened, caused by some seismic disturbance of nature, as geology cites us many such instances even in modern times. In tracing these people I have given but a hasty glance along the trail they long since traveled. Let us follow these argonauts of the western hemisphere as their boats leave the island. Their course is west; they reach the coast of Florida at a time when that peninsula was shoals and shifting sand bars, or vast swamps and marshes. Not finding a suitable place to land they continue on to the south, skirting the coast till they reach the southwest extremity of the peninsula. Here on the islands or keys they build their first habitations or first settlement on the North American continent and called it "Kush-kut-ret," or the "White Village." Here the traditions are verified by archaeological discoveries of vast pueblo ruins on the keys and west coast of Florida, constructed of conch shells. There is a faint tradition among the Lagunas and Aomas that their ancestors built structures of some kind of shells, and the color of these shells may have suggested the name for their village. On the islands and main land of Florida are quantities of broken pottery, a silent but undisputed witness that a superior race of Indians once inhabited the



A COMA AND LAGUNA POTTERY

peninsula. The broken pieces of pottery show that it was vastly inferior to the nicely constructed jars which the Pueblos of today make. But no doubt their crude pots answered the purpose admirably for which they were intended.

From "Exploration of Ancient Key Dwellers' Remains on the Gulf Coast of Florida," by Frank Hamilton Cushing, we copy the following:

Referring to the origin of the Key Dwellers, Mr. Cushing says this: "As I have reason to think, they were aliens come to these shores from some distant region over the sea. * * * * * It seems to me highly probable that not from the main land but from the sea, not from the north but from the south, the primitive or earliest Key Dwellers whoever they were came or were wafted in the beginning."

Speaking of the culture, Mr. Cushing says this: "While they may not pertain to a new or hitherto unknown people, they certainly do reveal either a new phase of human culture or else an old culture in a new light. * * * * * These collections served of themselves to indicate that here were the remains of a people not only well advanced toward barbaric civilization but of a people with a very ancient and distinct culture."

With regard to the pottery, Mr. Cushing says: "I found abundant specimens of shell and coarse pottery characteristic of the Key Dwellers proper."

It is reasonable to suppose that communication was kept up at intervals with the island until some boat returning learned of the terrible disaster, and seeing the whale spouting in the vicinity of where the island had been, adopted the theory as the most plausible that this animal was responsible for its destruction. Years pass, some climatic change is taking place, the rainfall each year becomes less and less, until everything is parched and dry. A character whom they call "Po-chai-an-ny"

comes to them from the cane brakes of the north; he professes to have control of the seasons; he obtains a large number of followers; the ruler, or "Ho-chin," is deposed, and Po-chi-an-ny is elected to the place. He changes their medicine from the use of simple remedies to incantations and jugglery, but he fails to produce the desired change in the seasons. The anger of the natives finally becomes aroused. Po-chi-an-ny flees from their wrath, but is pursued and captured, and tying large stones to him they cast him into the deep water, but matters become worse, and at last they are compelled to move. Their course is to the northwest.

On the banks of a large river (the tradition does not describe this stream) they construct another village, and in remembrance of the first settlement name this the "White Village." Here a plague, which they call "Ki-oat," something like smallpox, overtakes them. A daughter of the ruler becomes afflicted. The disease baffles the skill of the medicine men.

To the west of the village in a house thatched with big leaves lives an old woman by the name of Que-o Ka-pe, who is celebrated for her skill in medicine. The ruler sends his war captain and brings her to the village. She cures his daughter and many others merely by the application of water. The medicine men become jealous of the old woman on account of her skill in overcoming the disease with so simple a remedy when they were powerless with all their incantations. The medicine men hold a consultation and Que-o Ka-pe is sentenced to be killed, but before the deed is executed she makes a prophecy. The Queres Indians say that she pronounced a curse on them; that misfortune and misery would pursue them relentlessly for generation after generation.

Again the disease broke out more violently than before, and again they are compelled to migrate, and again their course is toward the northwest. They say the reason



THIS FIGURE REPRESENTS AN OLD WOMAN PARCHING CORN
Sand is put in the pot along with the corn to prevent the latter from scorching; when the corn is properly parched it is all poured in the basket which she holds in her hand and the sand sifted out through the meshes.

they had followed this course was to join a people who years before had come from the same place, "Ship-op," and had settled in this, to them, northwestern territory. In a valley surrounded by rugged mountains and perpendicular bluffs we again hear of the "White Village;" last of grand settlements of the Queres.

The tradition gives several significant landmarks. It might be questionable whether these were on the island which was sunk or somewhere in the vicinity of the last of the "White Villages," most probably the latter. These landmarks were four majestic mountains. On the north was the "Kow-i-stchum-ma Kote," literally the "mountain of the white lake," but probably a snow-capped mountain. Kote is the Queres name for mountain. On the east was a tall straight mountain called "Kut-chun-nah Kote." On the south was the "Tout-u-ma Kote," the "Hooded Mountain," probably a flat-topped mountain, capped with basalt. On the west was a rugged mountain covered with forests, called the "Spinna Kote."

From the earliest times the Queres were governed from one central seat called "Kush Kut-ret," or the "White Village." The ruler or "Ho-chin" was elected for life, selected for his knowledge and executive ability. At his death another was selected in a similar way. His duties, besides governing the people, were to keep the ancient traditions and history of the people of the nation. He was also the head of the medicine orders. He had one officer, the war captain (Sah-ta Ho-chin).

The last of the White Villages was built in Southern Colorado, or possibly in Utah, and the tributary settlements extended throughout that part of the country where the four states corner—Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. The destruction of this grand settlement was caused by a tributary village declaring its independence and electing a new ruler. This led to a general war among the inhabitants, and to finish what the Que-

res had themselves begun, those fierce warriors, the Apaches, appear. The destruction is complete. The nations which for thousands of years had held together, fighting their way across the North American continent, were scattered, some going to the valley* of the Rio Grande, others further west.

HISTORY OF AZTEZ AND TOLL-TECS

At some time during their sojourn in that northern country they say that one part of the nation or people went on to the Quay-eh Puh Ko-wahk Queestche-ko-eh, which means, South and beyond the outskirts of the southwest settlements. Where did they go? Can we answer this question? We have followed their wanderings before, sometimes by the faintest of clues. There is certainly something left by which to identify them, some landmarks, some word, name or customs that still survive, that will guide us. South and beyond the outskirts of the southwest settlements. From the way this statement is worded it is evident that they went a long ways. The early historians of Mexico tell us that the Aztecs, the ruling nation of Mexico at the time of the Spanish invasion, came from the north. In speaking of the emigration of the Aztecs Clavegero says: "Having passed the Rio Colorado from beyond latitude 35 degrees they proceeded towards the southeast as far as the Rio Gila, where they stopped for some time, for at present there are remains to be seen of the great edifices built by them on the borders of that river. From thence, having resumed their course towards south-southeast, they stopped in about 29 degrees of north latitude at a place which is more than 200 miles from the city of Chihuahua, towards northwest. This place is known by the name of Case Grandi, on account of an immense edifice still existing."

The names of different nations, tribes or communities are derived or acquired in various ways, generally from the country, or certain features of the country they inhabit, sometimes from some national peculiarity or racial characteristic or from some industrial occupation, sometimes in honor of some noted character, hero or clan

or tribe, and the country or locality gets its name from some natural feature or characteristic or product, animal, vegetable or mineral, or may be from the name of some hero or noted character or from some incident or happening that may have taken place or some instrument or weapon or utensil used by the inhabitants.

Names are sometimes contorted or changed in different ways, by abridging or abbreviating or by a people of a different language giving the name a wrong pronunciation. And in certain instances some other word is mistaken for the name and erroneously applied. So, keeping these facts in view, we will try a little comparison. For instance, we will take the Indian names of the seven different Queres villages and figure out the meaning:

Acoma—Ah-ko—Stche-ah-ko-ki—A rude form of ladder.

Laguna—Kow-ike—Kow-isho—A lake.

San Felipe—Kuts-tcha—Kuts-tchuma—A smooth, rocky floor.

Zia—See-ah—See-ah—A snow bird.

Santa Ana—Tumi-ah—Tumo-yah—Place of fleas.

Cochiti—Ko-teet—Kote—Mountains.

Santo Domingo—Te-we—Tehua—This town is a mixture of Queres and Tehua Indians and they adopted the name of the latter.

Belonging to the Laguna and Acoma tribes or pueblos there are several outlaying villages—Indian names—and meaning:

Paguate—Quees-tehe—Hand it to me.

Paraje—See-mun-ah—Dirty mouth (the name of a hill close by).

Encinal—Pu-ne-ki-eh—West lower room.

Acomita—Te-chin-nuh—North river.

Mesita Negra—Ha-Sat—East floor.

Canada Cruxs—Se-ama—Door.

The historian tells us that when the Aztecs arrived in the land of Anahuac, somewhere about the year 1200 A. D., they established their settlement on the east border of the Mexican lake near a place called Tescuco. Now this may be merely a coincidence but the name sounds very much like a Queres word and it has a practical meaning. The Spanish pronunciation of Tescuco is Ta-scu-co, the Queres would be Tuh-scu-co, meaning, "Pull me out." Torquemado speaks of one tribe of the Aztecs that formerly inhabited caves in the mountain of the north.

Let us call to mind the nations of Anahuac or tribes of the Aztecs as they were classified, seven or more in number—Tepanecas, Tlascalans, Hahincas, Colhuans, Mexicans, Xochimileas, Chichimecas. Reducing these words or names to their simplest form we have:

Spanish	Pronounced	Queres	Meaning
Tepane	Ta-pah-na	Te-pah-na	North cave
Tlascal	Tlas-cal	Tas-cahn	Pottery
Hahin	Hah-en	Hah-en	Easterner
Colhua	Col-wah	Coh-wah	Southern
Mexico	Ma-he-co	Me-hec-o	Some where
Xochimil	Ho-che-mal	Ho-che-ne	Rulers
Chichime	Che-che-ma	Che-che-ma	Bird people

Now then we will apply the same line of deduction to Anahuac, their name for that region where they dwelt at the time of the Spanish invasion:

Anahuac—Ana-wahs—Una-wah-sa—Pour it in.

The City of Mexico, or Tenuchtitlan, as the ancient inhabitants called it, is situated in a valley completely surrounded by high mountains, and all the drainage from the valley and the mountain slopes next to the valley collects in several lakes which have no natural outlet. All these lakes are brackish but one; the largest is about thirty miles wide, and this peculiar feature of the country no doubt gave it the name Una-wasa—Pour it in.

Az-ah or Ahs-ah in the Queres language is the name

for a very large earthen bowl or tub. Tick-eh means to specialize or specify. This may be the meaning of the name Aztec, and they took this name from the peculiar shape of the valley or basin in which they dwelt.

We have followed the trail of this branch of the Queres people to their destination, the City of Mexico. Why did they go? Their traditions say that they were following on the same course that others of the same nation had traveled centuries before. They sent scouts to locate this people but they returned unsuccessful, and were sent again. This time they found them, but had to make a subterranean journey to reach their country.

THE TOLLTECS OR NAH-WISH

This people were called the Nah-wish or Ka-tsi-na or as historians call them Tolltecs. They must have been of small stature, as their old ruined dwellings show, and as they are represented in the Queres dances by small boys. In their migrations south from the San Juan country these two tribes followed along the continental divide or as near as practical, as shown by two distinct classes of ruins. In the Queres dialect the H sound is used where L is used in some of the other dialects. The name Toll-tees or To-eh-tick-eh as the Queres would pronounce it, means simply those who are here. Their home in the north as the Spanish historian writes it they called Hua-hua-tlapallan. "Wah-wah" means there, "t" north, "ha-pallan" oaks, so their country must have been somewhere to the north in the oaks. They left that country somewhere about the year 600 A. D., according to Clavigaro. In making this calculation he speaks of the first Taepatl; that they used that as a starting point to reckon dates from, something after the plan of the Greeks reckoning their dates from the first Olympiad. Tac-path means to wash the head. It probably refers to some custom that was adopted; there is some religious ceremony connected with it. They settled about fifty miles east of the principal lake at a place called, or, as the historian spells it, Tollantzinco, probably meaning "To-eh-una-seek"—where it sleeps. This tribe united with another people called the Chi-chi-macas, or "Bird People." They seem to have been of the same nationality and came from a place called Amaquemecan. This word probably is Ma-eh-mah-can, meaning a place where the stocks or stems of a certain kind of cactus of the yucca variety are very plentiful. For instance, the plains adjacent to the Florida mountains, New Mexico. The

leader of this band was Xolotl, which means Hohoth, "the howler." There is another tribe spoken of by the Spanish historians, the Chalchese. In Queres dialect there is a word, Cah-shash, meaning white. Kush is the old name for white; the word they use now is Stchumuts. This latter name is taken from their word for shine.

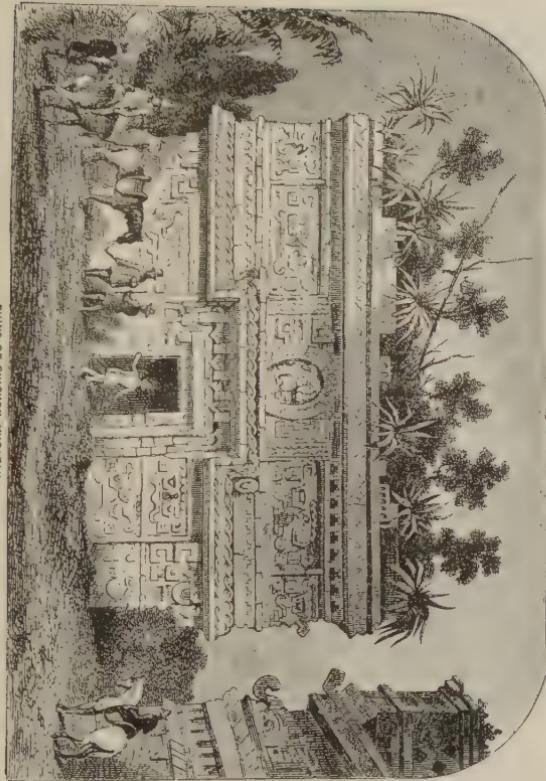
According to the early traditions of Yucatan the original civilizers and the ones who constructed those great buildings were bearded white men, who came from the east in ships, from a place called Nibalba (pronounced Habalba), an island that was afterward overwhelmed by some terrific inundation. Now in this name Xibalba let us substitute the letter h in place of the l as we have before explained. We have Hib-alba. You see the similarity. The island of Shipop.

We have completed the circle. The road has led us back to where we started from, but there are other trails leading away from this mysterious island. Chal-chase sounds something like Chaldea. If they are the same, then the Queres and the ancient Cushite are in some way related. The earliest enlightened nation of antiquity. Let us compare a few words from each of the two languages:

Cushite.	Queres.
Cush	Kush—white
Chaldea	Chal-chase—Cah-shash—white
Sika—gold	Sow-ka—metal
Hanno—man's name	Hanno—people
Schat-tu—book	Schat-chen—book
Aupir—the West	Wa-puh—the West
Osiris—sun	Osrats—sun
Carthage or Kartha—Kutret or Kah-tret—city or village	

Kahtan represents a great enlightened epoch in Arabia about 4500 B. C. The country was divided into a northern and southern province, the north under Phoe-

RUINS OF CHICHEN, YUCATAN.



necian rule and the southern under the rulership of Cah-tan. These Chal-chase may have come from Arabia at that time with all the acquired knowledge of the age and located in the country which they named Yucatan (meaning west or Pu Kahtan), and built those cities and monuments, which although now in ruin are marvelous. The names of these places show that they spoke the same language as the Queres.

Chi chan or Che Shan, a shrine. This probably explains the secret of the She-ken that came to the Queres from the south pass, who had the wonderful flowers that would wither up and then come to life again and bloom, which I shall speak of in another place.

Chi-asps or Chi-apas, the three stars forming the belt in the constellation of Orion. Mitla, a measure or span with the thumb and forefinger, pronounced Mat-ha or Mat-ya by the Queres.

These Chal-chase are probably the Colhuas, the bearded white men who came from the south and who did the first remarkable building in the valley of Anahuac or Mexico. The Cushite or Phoenician seem to have had colonies in almost all corners of the world, and their language was most widely spoken, but their traditions, myths and legends tell us that the Cushite people appeared in Arabia in nine or more tribes, supposed to have been not less than 8,000 years B. C. Where did they come from? The island of Ship-op.

The Arabian tradition says that these tribes or communities were separately organized and governed by chiefs whose names are given. At the head of these chiefs was Ad, he seems to have been the first ruler of the nation. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that they named the land to which they migrated in honor of their ruler, Ar-abia or Ad-ah-pea, meaning where Ad stopped or stayed, and also the land from which they came, calling it Ad-lantis or Ad-hantis or Ad-hatse, meaning the land of Ad.

QUERES SETTLEMENT IN FLORDIA AND WEST INDIES

Let us explore the coast of Florida and the adjacent islands, and if our supposition is correct we should be able to verify it by some token, some landmark left still standing, that will identify the Kush-Kutret (Queshtie-Ha or Shell Ruins) as a Queres settlement.

The first land discovered by Christopher Columbus on Friday, October 12, 1492, was an island called by the natives Gua-~~na~~-han-ne. This name is a Queres word meaning "It comes from the east." The small barques made from hollowed out tree trunks which they called "canoe" is a Queres word, "ea-no," to travel. Tobacco comes from "To-pat-to, meaning, drousy.

Potato comes from "po-ta-ta," to select one. Hayti, pronounced Hy-te or Hot-te, is the Queres name for obsideon, or mountain glass. The natives no doubt went there to get the stone to make arrow points. Jamacia from "Hamaica," meaning eastern. The Caribe were a people who wore their hair roached in the middle like a crest. The Queres name for roach or crest is "Caripet."

When inviting their friends or visitors into the house the Queres Indians generally designate the direction from which they are to enter, as: Ha-oop, meaning come in from the east; Tit-oop, come in from the north; Pu-oop, come in from the west; Co-oop, come in from the south. And this is how Cuba got its name — Co-oop or Co-oop-ah, as they would say it. Enter from the south.

The only obstacle offered the Spanish in the conquest of Cuba was by a casique or chief by the name of Hatuey, but he and his band were overpowered and Hatuay was condemned to be burned at the stake, the fate of a slave who rebels against his master. Hatuey is a Queres word

meaning pollen, generally applied to the pollon of the corn tassel.

Las Casas says: "The Indians in admiring any article of European manufacture continually repeat the word Tu-rey, which in their language signifies Heaven." The Queres use this word a good deal. It is Tu-ey, simply an exclamation of agreeable surprise or admiration.

The Aztec tribes had historical records, rude drawings and designs painted on bark or skin or cotton cloth. Some were on a kind of thick paper like cardboard. The early missionaries in Mexico imagined that these figures were symbols of idol worship and conceived the idea that if they were destroyed the conversion of the natives to Christianity would be easier and in obedience to an edict issued by Juan de Zummaraga, a Franciscan monk, the first bishop of Mexico, as many of these annals as could be collected were piled in a heap and burned.

The invasion of the Apaches is supposed to have been between 800 and 1,000 years ago. The Navajo Indians who inhabit the country where the Queres had their last settlements show a mixture of the Pueblo and Apache. Many words in the Queres and Navajo are alike and some of their religious customs are similar; for instance, the sand paintings. The Queres call the Navajos "Moa-shrum." The name means, "those who came out of the hills, or rough country."

There are several incidents related in these traditions which I have necessarily omitted, not being able to definitely locate the places where they happened. The Queres tell that at one time, on account of famine, their ancestors were reduced to cannibalism. The tradition seems to point to Florida as the place where this happened, which does not seem possible, with the sea so near, teeming with its myriad forms of animal and vegetable life.

Now here is something that Mr. Cushing says which might throw some light on the subject: "It was perfectly

obvious that the place had been a true bone heap established on a slight artificial elevation in the midst of an ancient inclosed pond or water court, and it was also evident that the human remains therein deposited had been dismembered before burial.

"I discovered that the whole heap was permeated, so to say, with broken human remains, large bones and small, many of which had been split or shattered."

Another incident they speak of was a people called the She-ken, who came to them from the south pass, wherever that may have been. These people were under the leadership of a man by the name of Korina; that when they arrived each one of the party carried in his hand a peculiar flower or plant, and that these flowers were continually changing, withering and then resuming their former shape; and the party continued on to the northeast into the forest, where they built houses of boards.

I have attempted to untangle these old traditions in a truthful and logical manner, but have necessarily been compelled at times to assume certain premises and deduce the conclusions. There is still room for a good deal of speculation. Was the island of Shipop Plato's Atlantis, which Ignacio Donnelly attempted to prove existed at one time in the Atlantic ocean? If such an island existed there must be certain indelible signs left; for instance, a body of land, such as it seems to have been, would have diverted or split the Gulf Stream, and the changing of this current could be noticed in the fossil remains on the coast of Europe. If these Queres Indians are descendants of the Atlanteans it gives them an unbroken national record of at least 10,000 years.



THIS IS A SYMBOL REPRESENTING EYETICO, MOTHER OF ALL LIFE
—NATURE

It is an ear of corn perfect in every grain, the plume is a feather from every known bird; after four years this corn is planted and another ear is selected from the same grain

ANCIENT RELIGION AND BELIEFS OF THE QUERES

The religious belief of the ancient Queres Indians is as strange as their ancient history. It is philosophical and reveals a depth of thought far ahead of their descendants of the present day. The belief in a supreme being or beings is as old as reason in the human brain. The first theory of a deity evolved by mental reasoning was necessarily crude, but as the mind expanded old theories were dropped and new ones adopted, and so it has been going on since the dawn of reason. Everything in creation, nature in all its varied forms, shows itself to be the product of profound reason, and whence this reason? Who will be the Copernicus or the Newton to discover the true theory? Is there a personal God, or is all matter imbued more or less with intelligence? The religion of the Queres is not exactly a polytheism, neither is it a pantheism, but seems to be a compound of the two, with a slight strain of totemism. Their theory is that reason (personified) is the supreme power, a master mind that has always existed, which they call Sitch-tche-na-ko. This is the feminine form for thought or reason. She had one sister, Shro-tu-me-na-ko, memory or instinct. Their belief is that Sitch-tche-na-ko is the creator of all, and to her they offer their most devout prayers, but never to Shro-tu-me-na-ko. They say it is bad to do so. This shows that they know of the two divisions of the mind, reason and instinct, and also that they were aware of the apparent uselessness and possible evil consequences of cultivating the subjective mind. E-yet-e-co is the most beloved of all the deities; to her they can all pray; she is the mother who brought them forth and receives them when they die. E-yet-e-co means the earth, but they

speak of her in much the same manner as we speak of nature. She-wo-na, the spirit of force, who reveals himself in the fog, the rain, the dew, and the mists, who manifests his power in the roll and surge of the waters, the storm, and the rending stroke of the lightning, and whose voice is the deep roar of the thunder; Sitch-teche-na-ko created him out of a dew drop. Shru-wat-tu-ma, the evil spirit. Here is something singular; literally the name means the one from a short way up. Spiritualists claim that the evil spirits inhabit the lower plane, just above the earth. Thus we have mind (reason and instinct), matter and force woven into a religion. Without mind there could be no conception of anything. Without matter there could be no force that we know of and *vice versa*. The evil spirits in all religions are a logical creation. There seems to be an opposition pervading all nature, a part of nature's laws, thus force and resistance, attraction and repulsion, positive and negative, action and reaction, construction and destruction, good and bad. Here the religion takes more the form of polytheism: Wa-ah-me-na-ko, the guardian spirit; Ka-tu-te-a, the giver or spirit of charity; Kap-poon-na-ko, the spirit of sleep; she seems to have been a demigoddess, because she is said to have been the wife of Hutch-a-mun Ki-uk, the ruler of the first Kush-kut-ret; Moe-a-na-ko, the spirit of the yellow earth; Mots-sin-ne-na-ko, spirit of the hills and mountains.

There are several more, but their identity is lost. Merely the name remains, and many appear to be borrowed from some other religion or else the product of ignorant jugglery. The only thing in their religion which indicates totemism was the worship of the Siti Shri Wa. This was a monstrous green serpent, with horns, that they say inhabited the big water. The Queres knew something of astronomy; they knew the difference between the fixed stars and the planets, and had names

for some of the constellations. They say the sun had eight children. Is this only a coincidence in their mythological tales, or had they by some means discovered the eight major planets.

“In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a joyous voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.”

—Addison.



A QUERES FAMILY

MODERN HISTORY OF LAGUNA AND ACOMA

Resuming the history of Laguna and Acoma where we left it, just before the Mexican war, the first and most notable event was the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, by which New Mexico and Arizona became the property of the United States. The invasion of the Americans produced a change in these old pueblos, slow at first, but like the sleeper at the sound of an awakening call, these people of a forgotten past rouse to action. The causes which had so long kept them in a state of idleness and bondage have ceased to exist. Advancement is the countersign, and as time passes we recognize no longer the old customs and Indian traits; all have changed with the advance of education and modern civilization.

In 1851 Samuel C. Gorman, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, came to Laguna as a missionary sent by the Baptist Mission Society. In 1856 the Indian Department of the Government authorized Mr. Gorman to have a building erected for school purposes and as a chapel. This building is still used as a government assembly place and Protestant church. Mr. Gorman was recalled shortly after the breaking out of the Civil War.

Sometime during the decade, 1850-60, the United States government purchased a drove of camels to be used in exploring the deserts of the Southwest. An expedition with some of these animals equipped for the purpose passed through Laguna in 1857. The direct object of the expedition was to explore the country to the West and locate a military road to the coast.

In the latter fifties Gen. McCook established a Military camp at Laguna, which was continued about a year; the foundations of the old barracks are still visible north

of the town. Gen. McCook recruited a company of Laguna Indians to act as scouts in the campaign after these bloodthirsty followers of Nane and Mangus Colorado, and it is needless to say that they settled many a long-standing account with their old-time foes, the Apaches.

In the early sixties President Lincoln sent to each of the Pueblo villages a silver-headed cane, to be held by the governor of the Pueblo as a badge of office.

In 1866 the Navajo Indians became a dangerous factor in the Southwest. Early in the sixties, or to be more exact, in 1862, the Government established an agency and military post in the Navajo country, known as Fort Defiance, to keep these savage bandits in some kind of subjection, and to quell their lawless maraudings, which had long held the country in a state of terror. While the exact cause may have been various imaginary wrongs on the part of the red men, we will accept the following, which, like most happenings of that kind, come unexpectedly and all at once:

Early one morning a powerful Navajo came to a kitchen door at Fort Defiance and asked for a drink of water. The cook, having just finished washing the dishes, as the Indian stepped to the door, accidentally or intentionally threw the pan of dirty water in the Indian's face. Enraged beyond the boundary of reason, the Navajo drew an arrow and laid his insultor lifeless on the floor. The guard seeing what had happened, but not knowing the cause, thinking it to be assassination, fired on the Navajo, killing him instantly.

The Navajos in the vicinity of the post rushed to their arms. The news of the killing flashed over the Navajo country with almost the speed of thought, and it quickly became evident to the soldiers at the post that the Indians were on the war path. The Navajos at once began a raid of destruction and devastation. Gen. Canby, assisted

by such experienced Indian fighters as Gen. Carleton and Kit Carson, took the field, and commenced a vigorous campaign against them, pursuing them relentlessly.

Their sheep and horses were confiscated or driven into corrals and killed; peach orchards were cut down; the cavalry horses turned loose in their fields of grain, and what the horses could not destroy was burned by the soldiers. Two years of war was enough for the Navajos; the lean, starved warriors began coming in singly and in bands to surrender and accept what terms of peace or punishment might await them; the first time in history probably that these fierce descendants, perhaps, of those same people who gave to the world that noted warrior, Genghis Kahn, ever bowed to a conqueror. As soon as they were gathered in they were taken to the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos river, where a reservation had been set aside for them and a military post established. Owing to certain features of the climate it proved very unhealthy for the Navajos, and the death rate soon became fearful. Gen. William T. Sherman was on a tour of inspection at that time, and it occurred to the captives that he might do something for them, but Sherman refused to listen to the petition of the warriors to be again returned to their old reservation. Then it was that all the young women of the tribe, dressed in their best attire, besieged the old commander. They promised that if allowed to return to their old reservation the women of the tribe would so train their children that never again would the Navajos go on the war path against the American government. They told in their way of all the sorrows and griefs that the war and their captivity had caused. The gallant old general was conquered; the hero of many a hard-fought battle, who led the famous march from Atlanta to the sea, had surrendered, and on his recommendation the Navajos were returned to their old reservation in northwestern New Mexico. The Lagunas

and Acomas assisted the government in this war from start to finish, and won great praise from their officers. As I have once before said, the Navajos are largely mixed with the Queres Pueblos, and ethnologists will some time confirm this statement.

In 1868 W. F. M. Arny was appointed agent to look after the affairs of the Pueblo Indians and give them a helping hand. Arny was a man who was not afraid to act on his own convictions of what was right; not like too many before and since, who, from fear of doing something wrong, do nothing or as little as possible to hold their positions and draw their salaries. The Pueblos now had some show of redress by law. Years of subjection and seclusion have produced a state of timidity among these people which only time and proper education will ever eradicate.

In the year 1871 Walter G. Marmon was appointed government teacher at Laguna, the first teacher ever appointed by the government to teach among the Pueblos. Some time previous to this date some of the more progressive Indians, seeing the advantages of an education, had instituted a select or subscription school and hired a Mexican by the name of Manuel Cassuas, who was fairly well educated in Spanish, to teach their children. However, when Mr. Marmon came to Laguna as teacher, not one in the tribe could speak the English language, and only one could read and write the Spanish. He was Luis Sarracino, and was educated in Durango, Mexico, by the Roman Catholic church, but joined the Protestant church while Mr. Gorman was here. Arriving at Laguna, Mr. Marmon at once became teacher, doctor, counsellor and minister. On taking charge of the school house he discovered that there were no seats in the building. In an ante-room of the Roman church were two sets of stocks, relics of the past; these Mr. Marmon had sawed into blocks for seats. One day the parish priest visited

the school, and in the course of the conversation Mr. Marmon remarked that he was again using the stocks; that he had resorted to them to help teach the youthful Lagunas. The priest replied that he was putting them to better use than they had ever been put to before.

It had been the custom for a number of years, or at least since the new Roman church had been built (in the latter part of 1799 or the fore part of 1800) to bury the dead either in the church or in the yard in front. The church is about sixty feet long and 25 feet wide, the yard probably 100 by 50 feet, and at this time the inhabitants of the village of Laguna numbered about 1,000. It can readily be seen that in a few years all the space would be occupied; and such was the case. The remains of one would be exhumed and another deposited, the bones of the exhumed being carelessly thrown over into an out-corral adjoining the churchyard. Mr. Marmon made a report to the agent regarding this inhuman custom, and asked that he come to Laguna. When the agent arrived he found things as stated, and called a meeting, forbidding them from burying any more of the dead in or around the church, both on account of sanitary principles and for humanity's sake; so by common consent they abandoned the practice and selected two new sites for graveyards, Protestant and Roman Catholic, respectively. In 1875 Dr. John Menaul was sent to Laguna as missionary by the Presbyterian board of missions. He was also appointed government teacher, Mr. Marmon having resigned.

Dr. Menaul established a printing press at Laguna, devoted to missionary work, principally. He translated and published in the Queres language McGuffey's first reader. In 1884 a bell was placed on the school building by Pueblo subscription. Dr. John Menaul spent ten years of earnest work among the Lagunas. He left in 1887, loved and respected by all. The old mission built by Mr.

Gorman in the early fifties stands about one-half mile northeast of the village, and is still used as a dwelling, and though constructed of adobe and having received but slight repairs since it was built, is apparently as substantial as ever. A good deal of history is connected with the old building; its walls have echoed to the tread of Sherman, Logan, Carleton, Canby, Kit Carson and many others, whose names adorn the history of the United States. Part of Gen. Lew Wallace's famous story, "Ben Hur," was composed beneath its rustic roof. "Billy the Kid," the hero of the Lincoln county war, spent two weeks in one of the rooms of this old house, a fugitive from justice.

A notable event, and one worthy of record, occurred in the year 1876. The Acoma grant was to be surveyed. To the northwest of the village about 25 miles is a big spring, called El Gallo, known to the Indians as the warm spring. This was one of the landmarks in the boundary calls of the grant papers issued to Acoma by Spain in 1689. In 1862 the government established a military post at this place and set aside the land around the spring for a military reservation. The post was abandoned in 1868. This was the same year that the Navajos were brought back from the Bosque Redondo, but the land was still held as a military reservation. When the post was abandoned a number of camp followers and ex-soldiers, whose time had expired, remained. The spring flows a large volume of water and the soldiers had constructed an irrigation ditch and had several fields under cultivation. These improvements the squatters wished to retain, but the land being a military reservation they were notified to move, but they refused to go, and a detachment of soldiers was sent to remove them. They obstinately resisted, until one of them, a Mexican, attempting to decapitate the officer in charge, was killed. The others then left without further trouble. In 1870 the

place was opened for settlement, and all those who had been expelled returned, and with them came others. In the meantime it became known that the spring was the property of the Acoma Indians; a council was held and the squatters were advised to bribe the officers and principal men of the tribe to change the boundary calls by representing to the surveyor that another spring, about ten miles further east, was the "Ojo del Gallos," or Warm spring. Besides the considerations in money, these settlers proposed to give to the Acomas part of the Laguna grant, which as yet had not been surveyed. The Acomas gave their testimony to the surveyor, as agreed upon, and by so doing the Acoma tribe lost about one-third of their original grant, which was surveyed and later patented to them, according to the survey.

It now remained to put the Acomas in possession of the Laguna land. The Indians of Acoma were notified to be upon the ground on a certain day, and a Mexican justice of the peace would give them legal possession and title to the same. The Mexicans and Americans in the scheme knew it was a farce, but the unfortunate Indians were sincere, and considered the Alcalde's court as supreme. The Laguna Indians, becoming aware of what was going on, came to Mr. Marmon, who was at that time conducting a trading post at Laguna. Considering that the only way to stop the trouble was by a display of force, he hastily armed two companies (one of infantry and one of cavalry) with Springfield muskets, which had been placed in the town for the protection of the Lagunas from the Apaches. He took command of one company in person and the other he placed under the command of George H. Pratt, a government surveyor, and, like himself, a veteran of the Civil war, and together they marched to the scene of trouble.

The Acomas were already on the ground in large numbers, armed with every conceivable weapon. The

two Laguna companies and the alcalde (justice of the peace) and posse arrived on the ground at about the same time, and without further ceremony the alcalde began to read the decree which would put the Acomas in possession. The charge was sounded, the alcalde and his posse fled, but the Acomas held their ground, and a pitched battle ensued, in which quite a number were seriously hurt, but no one fatally. The Acomas were finally forced from the land. The agent was notified of the trouble, and came at once to the village. He called a joint meeting of the officers and principal men of each pueblo. This land in question was a purchase by the Laguna pueblo from a Spaniard by the name of Garviso, about the year 1825, and the Mexican government issued them a title for the same. It is called the Santa Ana Purchase.

When the Acoma grant was surveyed a part of the purchase fell inside the Acoma lines. After a good deal of debate a compromise line was agreed on. The Lagunas were to relinquish about one-half of what they claimed inside of the Acoma grant and the Acoma pueblo gave to Laguna a quit-claim for the balance of the disputed lands, inside the Acoma lines, and so it was settled. The first irrigating ditch was taken out of the San Jose river by the Laguna Indians about nine and a half miles west of the village of Laguna, in 1840. The next ditch was taken out about three miles west of where Acomita now stands, in 1860, or ten years before the Acomas had any settlements in the valley of the San Jose. Acomita was built in 1870.

PROPHECY OF SHE-AKE

Away back in the Queres tradition they tell of a certain medicine man and seer of the nation who made a number of prophecies, which have practically all been fulfilled. Coronado refers to this prophecy in his letter to Mendoza, viceroy of Mexico. He says: "They declare that it was foretold among them more than fifty years ago that a people such as we are should come, and the direction they should come from, and that the whole country would be conquered." The story says that this old magician would lay himself flat and, striking the ground with his clenched fist, commanded his audience to listen. Then he would tell what he saw and heard. He told of the coming of the Spaniards, the bearded warriors with shirts of metal, and how that they would conquer and enslave the Indians. Then he told of the people of the light-colored hair, who would come from the east, would conquer the country and would be the friends and champions of the Pueblo Indians; that these people from the East would build metal roads (sow-a-ka-he-an-ne), and the prophecy or curse pronounced by Queo-Kape would be lifted and the rains would return, and then the Queres Indians would again be a prosperous, contented and happy people. In 1880 the iron bands of the great Santa Fe railroad stretched slowly from the East into the lands of the Pueblos. The prophecy was being fulfilled. Robert G. Marmon, a brother of W. G. Marmon, was elected governor of Laguna, probably the first white man that ever held the ancient office of ruler of the Queres Indians. Many of the old customs were abandoned and their further practice prohibited by a vote of the people. Certain ones of the conservative class on this account left Laguna and moved to Isleta, on the Rio Grande.

With regard to the government of these Pueblos, they are both democratic and republican, or representative. All business of minor importance is regulated by the governor and a staff of officers. In Laguna the executive body consists of a governor, two lieutenant-governors, a war captain, seven fiscals, or supervisors, one for each of the villages; seven major domos, or overseers of ditches, one for each village. When there is business of such a nature that the officers do not feel competent to decide, it is then laid before the whole people in council for their vote. These officers meet once a month, or oftener if necessary. Their pay is 50 cents a day while in council. Regarding their land tenure, the grant is held in common, but each individual or family have their own private fields or parcels of land, and any man or family can hold as much land as they can cultivate. Failure to cultivate any land for a period of three years works a forfeiture, and the land reverts to the pueblo. They can buy and sell lands among themselves, but not to an outsider or one who does not belong to the tribe.

The Laguna Indians claim to have had three books of records of the past. These were in existence until within recent years, but on account of religious disputes they were either hidden away or destroyed. The oldest of these was the book of "Water People;" the next was the book of the "Eagle People;" the third and most recent was the book of the "Corn People." What these books were like is only conjecture. The Indians say they were painted on some kind of skin. The writing was no doubt symbolic, as there is no evidence of phonetic writing having been understood among them. Laguna was constructed by refugees from the river pueblos after the Spanish invasion, of the Queres stock principally. They brought their books with them, along with their household goods. Could these old records be brought to light they might prove of historic value.

What a pity that all the history of this great Cushite people has perished—disappeared completely! It seems mysterious, but yet there might not have been very much written. They seem to have been of a very secretive disposition. We know from the Romans that time and again the Phoenicians risked shipwreck rather than to reveal some secret, and on one occasion actually destroyed their own ships, burned them up on the coast of France (Gaul), rather than reveal to the Romans the location of the tin mines in England (Britain). They knew all about the magnetic needle thousands of years before the time of Rome. They knew the composition and secret of making gunpowder. They had evolved or invented the phonetic alphabet and signs which nearly every nation of the civilized world today uses. They were the ones who introduced the Age of Bronze and later Age of Iron. And where did this civilization originate? Had we the complete account of this island, Atlantus, which Solon obtained from the Egyptian priest of Sais, we might form some idea. Plato's account is too meager, but from what he tells us and what has been found out, that island must have been the seat of the Cushite empire, possibly the cradle of the human family. Suppose that island should again rise to the surface, after all these years. What a revelation! Such occurrences have happened and such may happen again. It must have been a volcanic island which was thrown up in the ocean at a time when the human animal was in the early stage of development and by some peculiar good fortune he was transported there, which being free from all other animals left him master of the situation, where he developed and became the ruling power of the world.

TRADITIONS AND NARRATIVES
OF THE QUERES

INTRODUCTION

There is nothing particularly interesting about a big rough block of wood or stone until it is shaped down, smoothed and polished. We hear a few discordant notes, we think of it only as sound but when these notes are properly arranged and rightly combined we have music. A few rambling ideas properly arranged and clothed we call poetry. The plain facts of history are not very interesting to the average person. So by embellishment, to conform to the requirements of a story these old traditions of the Querecs Indians have lost a great deal of their meaning. There may be various reasons, but we naturally suppose that the fondness for listening to a story to be a hereditary trait. Whatever the cause or causes, the fact remains that nearly every rational human being is fond of a story, and none more so than the uneducated Indian. To him, the many deities, the fairies, the giants, are real and personal. Let us listen to some of these old yarns that have gladdened and delighted the hearts of the dusky urchin for many a generation.

Let us recall those characters that have figured in a forgotten past. Let us gaze on the mighty Wah-wah-kel. Let us visit the haunts of the Sits-hriwa, the great green serpent of the waters. Let us see the fairies and ask them why they were changed to insects and compelled to live in such inhospitable places as the edges of swamps and ponds.

Let us trail Masts-truoy, the cliff-dweller, to his perilous abode on the rugged precipice. Let us bring all of them that we can recall, and learn from them what we can of the ancient history of the Pueblo Indians of Laguna and Acoma.



MAUSAY—ONE OF THE HERO BROTHERS

This figure represents the Ope or Grand Master in the society or order of the Chaquin or Black Mask. Ope may mean Ethiopian. An ax in the Queres language is Ope-caw-al-ne, meaning an instrument the Ope (Ethiopian) use to hunt with

THE TRADITION OF SHIP-OP.

Descendants of people who have emigrated to other countries have only a vague idea of what the land of their forefathers looked like, and as generation after generation passes away these ideas become dimmer, especially with people who have relied wholly on oral description and tradition; each repetition imparts a certain change until finally it becomes apparently only myth.

In the following tradition the deep pit was the ocean, which with their limited means was unfathomable. The rhythmic rising and lowering of the water was the tides and what seemed to them a mystery was that all the rivers flowing ceaselessly never augmented this water — the ocean.

This is the genesis of the Queres Indians. They have no miraculous account of their beginning. Mau-say and O-yo-ya-ye, the heroes spoken of, were probably leaders in some migration.

Somewhere in the north, a few days' travel from the present Pueblo villages, is a deep hole or pit in the earth. Into this pit flowed four mighty rivers from the four cardinal points, and although these rivers flowed ceaselessly, never was the pit filled completely to the brim, but would rise and lower rhythmically.

In this deep, dark abyss dwelt all the people, for as yet there was no sun or moon. Long had they dwelt here, but at last they became discontented and clamorous to get out and roam the world. Now among these people were two brothers, Mau-say and O-yo-ya-ye. Inspired by the daring of youth they descended to the uttermost depth of this chasm, through the yellow, the blue, the red, and finally, in the furthest, the white earth, they stood in the presence of E-yet-e-co, the mother of life, and spoke the wish of the people and asked her consent to leave the pit and tread the earth outside. It was reluctantly given, but telling the heroes that the time was not ripe for them to leave their abode and to go back and tell the people that she would place a sign in the sky when everything was ready and that she would come and call them forth. Then the sun shone forth in the north and a great many people came out, but E-yet-e-co was not with the sun. Then

the sun rose in the west and again numbers of the people came forth, but E-yet-e-co did not appear. Then the sun rose in the south and again a number of people ushered forth to vanish like those who preceded them, as E-yet-e-co still delayed. Then the sun rose majestically in the east, and with it came E-yet-e-co, the mother of all life. She called them from their abode and bade them go forth in the world, but foretelling that they would visit strange lands and have many adventures and would forget her and their early teaching.

When the people came out, the earth or land was soft, not ripe (sah-kun-nut). So they traveled on to the south, and there, finding a place suitable, built their habitations or village and called it Kush-kut-ret (the White Village). Years pass away; things are as they should be; plenty of game and plenty of rain for planting, until one day a character came to their village or settlement from the Esto-eh Tick-eh (cane brakes) of the north. This man they called Po-shi-ah-ne. He was never born as other people, but came from a parasite. He was a great wizard and juggler and soon obtained a large following. He introduced a new form of medicine and worship. About this time the rains ceased to fall or not in sufficient quantities to support vegetation. Po-shi-ah-ne tried very hard with incantations and magic to make the rain fall, but failed. Then the people became angry and Po-shi-ah-ne fled in the dark, but he was pursued, captured and put to death. Still the drouth continued. A great famine was in the land and the people were reduced to such an extremity that they killed and ate their children or weaker members of the tribe. During all this time there was one man called Meech-huteh-tse (the humming bird man) who remained sleek and fat. When asked where he got his food he said he went back to Ship-op for it.

One evening there came to the settlement a people from the south pass, called the She-kun, each one carrying in his hand a peculiar flower, or plant, in full bloom; at



O-YO-YAVE, THE OTHER HERO BROTHER

times the plant would seem to wither and die and then of a sudden it would revive and bloom forth again. This people went on to the northeast and built habitations out of boards.



КОРОТ

KO-POT KA-NAT.

This is probably a report, or what remains of it after being worked over for generations, of an expedition that went back to their island home from the settlement on the mainland. The terms of the race were to be once around the world where the land and water meet (Ko-wi-sho Putch), the edge or coast line of the sea showing that this land (Ship-op) was an island. Another thing you will observe: It speaks of the Kush-Kutret (White Village) of the southeast, showing that the migration was to the northwest. It also speaks of the Ko-wi-stchu-ma Kote, showing that this mountain must have been on the island, a volcano no doubt that erupted and destroyed the island.

I-ye-ti-ko and her sister, I-sto-a-ko-ya, lived in the Kush Kut-ret of the southeast. I-sto-a-ko-ya was in the habit of bathing in the big water. This she did almost continually, and it sorely tried the patience of her sister, so that one day I-ye-ti-ko scolded her because of it. This angered I-sto-a-ko-ya and she went back to Ship-op.

Now it was because of the fact that I-sto-a-ko-ya was almost constantly in the water that the rain fell at Kush Kut-ret. When she had gone the rains stopped, everything became parched and dry and Kush Kut-ret was threatened with famine. I-ye-ti-ko, who divined the cause of the drouth, repenting of her harshness to her sister and fearful I-sto-a-ko-ya had been overcome by hunger and had died, sent a blue-bottle fly to find her.

The fly flew to the east, the west, the north and the south, but could not find I-sto-a-ko-ya. So it returned to I-ye-ti-ko and reported that it was able to find only the footprints of I-sto-a-ko-ya, that the footprints led toward Ship-op, and that everywhere that she had trodden the grass grew luxuriantly, while everywhere else it was dry and parched.

I-ye-ti-ko next sent for Stchi-mu-ne-moot, a great runner and trailer, and told him to follow the trail of I-sto-a-ko-ya and bring her back to her home.

Stchi-mu-ne-moot lost no time in setting out. The

trail, marked by green grass and flowering plants, was easily followed. It was not until he had drawn near to Ship-op that he paused. Here he met the Kopot brothers, who lived in the vicinity of Ship-op. The Kopot brothers had heard of the fame of Stchi-mu-ni-moot as a runner, and so they halted him and asked him if he did not want to run a race with them.

"I am going to Ship-op," answered Stchi-mu-ni-moot, "to bring back our mother to Kush Kut-ret. When I have done this errand I will come back and run a race with you."

This pleased the Kopot brothers greatly, for they were fleet runners and wonderful magicians besides.

Stchi-mu-ne-moot continued to Ship-op, where he found I-sto-a-ko-ya. He explained to her his mission and asked her if she would go back with him. She replied that she would if I-ye-ti-ko would send her what she was in need of.

So Stchi-mu-ni-moot returned to I-ye-ti-ko with this answer. I-ye-ti-ko prepared a bundle of clothing for I-sto-a-ko-ya and with this Stchi-mu-ne-moot again went to Ship-op. When I-sto-a-ko-ya undid the bundle she found that her sister had forgotten to send a band for her hair. So Stchi-mu-ne-moot was forced to return again to Kush Kut-ret. He brought to I-sto-a-ko-ya the missing band, and she returned with him to Kush Kut-ret. Upon her return the rains came back, giving new life to the dry earth and saving the people from famine.

Stchi-mu-ne-moot, having accomplished all that I-ye-ti-ko had required of him, told her that he desired to go and run a race with the Kopot brothers. She gave him her permission, and gave him also a to-wa-ka (a stick or bone about two inches long and an inch and a half in diameter, that the runner, according to the rules of the game, is compelled to kick ahead of him). She told him to exchange the to-wa-ka for the one used by the Kopot



KO-KAH-KI-EH—BROTHER OF KOPOT

brothers. He took the to-wa-ka given him by I-ye-ti-ko and went to the Kopot brothers' house. The door of the house was in the roof and the Kopot brothers had placed a big turkey with outspread wings over the opening to cover it. After gaining admittance to the house, Stchi-mu-ne-moot succeeded in exchanging his to-wa-ka for the one used by the brothers.

They arranged the terms of the race. It was to be once around the world, where the water and the land meet, along the Ko-wai-sh Putch. The forfeit was, on the part of Stchi-mu-ne-moot, one eye; on the part of the Kopot brothers, one eye from each.

When all was ready the race began. At the first kick Stchi-mu-ne-moot sent his to-wa-ka nearly out of sight. When the Kopots kicked their to-wa-ka, it fell down into the house through the hole in the roof. They had to go down after it; and while they were looking for it the turkey spread out its wings over the hole and made it so dark within that it took the brothers a long time to find the to-wa-ka. When they came out they were so angry that they killed the turkey. By this time Stchi-mu-ne-moot was half way round the world. He won the race easily and claimed the forfeit. Taking an eye from each of the brothers, he threw them into the sky, where they remain to this day, in the tail of the constellation of the Scorpion.

Then the Kopot brothers were very angry. They threw the to-wa-ka that had been the cause of their defeat at Ko-wi-stchu-ma Kote and made a great hole in the side of the mountain. Out of the hole came the big water animal, Wa-waka, that vomited streams of water until all the surrounding country was flooded. Kush Kut-ret, the white city, was inundated. The people who were able to escape climbed to the top of a high tableland called Ma-wha-rah. These people kindled a fire and heated stones and threw them into the mouth of the Wa-wa-kä, finally

killing it. The water then subsided, but the people who had taken refuge on Ma-wha-rah were all turned into stone.

Now the crows at that time were white and possessed the power of speech. I-ye-ti-ko warned these crows not to pick out the eyes of the dead people, saying that if they did not heed her warning, a great punishment would overtake them. The crows flew over the city, where all the dead people lay in the streets. One crow said to another: "Let us take just one eye and see what it tastes like."

So they picked out an eye, and all at once all the crows turned black and lost the power of speech.

THE SITS-SHRAI-WA.

This story refers to the Kush-kut-ret Queestohe-ha. That means the White Village furthest southeast. It must have been near the sea coast. The Sits-Shriwa was some reptile which was considered sacred.

In the Kush-kut-ret Qis-chi-ha lived a little orphan girl with her grandmother. The little girl loved to go to the water's edge and play in the sand. One day when she was wandering along the shore and playing in the sand, she found a worm on the edge of the water. She made a basin in the sand and filled it with water, put the worm in it and each day would go and feed it. It grew rapidly and she would increase the size of the basin by digging out the sand and thus making it wider. Each day it grew larger and soon became a big snake, for it was the Sits-shrai-wa, the big water snake, with horns.

One day the girl left her grandmother, saying that she was going down to the water to bathe. After the bathing she went to see the snake, that had by this time grown to be a huge reptile. It spoke to her, calling her mother, and asked her to get on its head and to hold tight to its horns. She did so and the big water snake dived off into the water and went down, deep, deep, with her holding onto its horns. At last it came to the house of its parents. Here everything was beautiful and she was kindly treated, and, after staying awhile with them, she said that she must go back to her grandmother, who would be anxious about her. The big snake then took her on its head and carried her to the surface and placed her on the sand close to her grandmother's house. She went in and asked her grandmother to spread a cloth down on the floor. Then she knelt down and, shaking her hair over the cloth, beautiful stones and metal fell from her hair onto the cloth.

Then she told her grandmother about finding the worm and feeding it and of its growing to be the Sits-shari-wa, and of its taking her down to the house of its parents in the water, and that while she was there, the Sits-shrai-wa had put that magic power into her hair, and ever afterwards, whenever she washed her hair, the power would be exercised. As time went on, she grew to be a woman; her grandmother died and she was married.

One day her husband went with the other men to war with another people, and while he was gone another woman who resembled his wife exactly, wishing to become his wife, contrived to throw the real wife into the deep water and drowned her, as she supposed. At last the husband returned. He looked and looked at the woman and said: "You look like my wife, but I do not believe that you are." Then he asked her to wash her hair and shake it on a cloth, but when she shook her hair, no beautiful stones or metal fell from it. The woman said that her hair had lost that power. Still he was not happy and would walk along the shore and look off into the deep water. One day when he was out on the water where it was very deep, he was looking down into the depths when he saw a woman rise out of the water. He was terribly frightened, but she told him that she was his wife. Then he wanted to take her home with him, but she refused, saying that when he put the other woman away she would come back.

The husband went home and, striking the other woman in the breast with a spear, killed her; then he carried the body away from the settlements and laid it down and went down to the water's edge. Presently his wife appeared and they went home, and from her hair still would fall the beautiful stones and metal, when it was washed and shaken; the magic gift of the Sits-shari-wa.

I-STO-A-MOOT AND HI-STCHI-AN KO-A-SUTS.

A long time ago there lived, somewhere on the south side of the Ko-wais-chu-mu Kot a character named Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts. He was widely known as a wizard and a very bad man, and, in consequence, he was greatly feared by the people throughout the country. Now and then he would pay a secret visit to Kush Kut-ret and would carry away with him to his home in the mountains some man's wife or daughter. These women, as he tired of their company, he locked up in the caves, then sallied forth in search of others.

One day Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts stole the wife of I-sto-a-moot and carried her away. I-sto-a-moot was a man of considerable note at Kush Kut-ret. He was brave as a lion. He did not share the awe in which the other people held Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts. Moreover he was skillful in the use of the bow and versed in all the cunning of his race. As soon as he discovered that his wife had been carried away by the wizard he started in pursuit. He traveled on and on for a long time without discovering any clue to aid him to find his wife or her abductor. One day, when he was almost despairing of success, he came upon a little boy who was engaged in catching snow birds with snares made of hair. This sport amused I-sto-a-moot. He pulled out some of his own long hair, constructed snares from it and went to work catching birds. Soon he and the boy were on very good terms. When they had caught a great many birds, the boy gathered up his snares and said that he would have to go home, as it was getting late. He asked I-sto-a-moot to accompany him, and I-sto-a-moot readily consented. When they reached the boy's home the boy threw the birds in at the

door of the house. They fell in a great heap upon the floor.

"My!" exclaimed his mother from within. "You are getting to be a great hunter, my son."

"It was not I who snared the birds, but my friend, I-sto-a-moot, who is with me here."

The mother invited I-sto-a-moot in and welcomed him warmly. He soon discovered that she was a fairy. He related his story and told her that it was his search for his wife that had brought him into that part of the country. The fairy entreated him to remain at her house over night, saying that in the morning she would lend him her aid to find his wife.

The next morning she told him that his wife had been stolen away by Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts, a great magician, who lived in the Ko-wais-chum-mu Kot; but that, if he would follow her instructions, he need have no fear in encountering the wizard. She gave him a large knife, seemingly of flint, a suit of clothes and a chair, and told him to exchange these things for the ones owned by Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts. She advised him that he would come to a deep river, and she gave him a little bag of medicine to chew and blow upon the water which would then become still so that he would be able to cross over it.

I-sto-a-moot left the house of the fairy and set out for the house of Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts, which he reached after many trials and hardships. He found that Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts was not at home, so he entered the dwelling and was surprised to find himself welcomed by his own wife. She told him that the wizard was out at the end of the world, Ko-wai-sho Putch, running races with Shi-wu-na. His wife wanted to go back to Kush Kut-ret at once, but I-sto-a-moot was desirous of seeing Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts, and of fighting him. Before the wizard's return I-sto-a-moot succeeded in obtaining his knife, his

coat and his chair. In place of these he left the ones he had received from the fairy.

When Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts returned to his home that evening and found I-sto-a-moot, he was in a towering rage. He threatened and stormed and was going to make an end to I-sto-a-moot at once but I-sto-a-moot put on such a bold front that he altered his intention, but declared he must fight with him on the day following. The next morning the two put on their fighting dress and, arming themselves, went forth to battle.

"Now," said Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts, when they met, "I am going to show you how powerful I am. With a single blow of my flint knife I will knock off the top of the Ko-wais-chum-mu Kot. Can you do such a wonder?"

"Certainly," said I-sto-a-moot, "I have done even greater wonders."

"Then throw," exclaimed Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts. "You are a boaster."

"Cast your knife first," said I-sto-a-moot. "If you cut off the top of the mountain I will acknowledge you the victor and will go back to Kush Kut-ret defeated."

So Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts threw his knife. But, instead of cutting off the top of the mountain, it only pasted itself against its side, for this was the knife which the fairy had given to I-sto-a-moot, and it was made of wax.

Then I-sto-a-moot threw his knife and cut off the top of the mountain, for the knife which he threw was the magic knife-of the wizard.

"Wizard and conjurer," yelled Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts, "the fight is not yet finished. Tomorrow we will fight with fire."

Accordingly, the next morning, they made preparations. Each one built up a large heap of wood. Upon these heaps they placed their chairs and, after setting fire to the piles of wood, they climbed into their respective seats and awaited the issue.

The chair used by Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts was the one made for I-sto-a-moot by the fairy. It was made of wax, as was the coat that he wore. These quickly melted in the flames, so that the wizard was soon burned to a cinder.

The chair of I-sto-a-moot and the coat which he wore were the ones taken from Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts. They were made of ice; and they melted and extinguished the fire.

When the wizard had been thus disposed of, I-sto-a-moot took his wife and all the other women that Hi-stchi-an Ko-a-suts had imprisoned in a cave, back to Kush Kurret, and the people were never again in fear of the wizard.



SUT-SU-NUTS

SUTSU-NUTS, THE RULER OF THE KA-TSI-NA.

This tradition is badly mixed up, but it shows that these Queres people must have had at some time communication with people who were cannibals, probably the Caribes. According to some early accounts of these islanders they were canibals. These bags containing the stars were apertures in the wall from which this old astronomer watched the movements of the heavenly bodies, no doubt.

It was an ancient custom at Kush Kut-ret for all the people to go, upon a certain day, to gather wood for the uses of the households. On one of these occasions one of the daughters of the ruler of the city encountered Sutsu-nuts, the ruler of the Ka-tsi-na. They had met before under like conditions, so Sutsu-nuts addressed the maiden and offered to help her break the wood and tie it into a bundle so that it might be more easily carried.

As they worked along together, Sutsu-nuts proved so helpful and agreeable to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko that, when on parting, he asked her to accompany him as his wife to his home in the far west, she consented to go with him, provided her parents raised no objection. Sutsu-nuts agreed to wait four days for her, in which time she was to consult with her people and, if no obstacle was interposed, was to join him again, prepared for the journey.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko returned to Kush Kut-ret with a light heart and a hope that her parents would find no objection to a man so powerful and renowned as Sutsu-nuts. Her hope did not prove groundless, for her father, her mother and her three sisters readily assented to her alliance with the ruler of the Ka-tsi-na. Her sisters lent their assistance in her preparations for the journey. They washed and combed her long, black hair and braided it in two braids. Inside each braid they put a package containing pollen from the corn tassel. When her prepar-

ations had been completed, she took leave of her people and set out for the place where she had left Sutsu-nuts. She found him awaiting her coming.

Together they proceeded westward until they came to a big water that was wide and deep. Soon after crossing this, they arrived at the home of Sutsu-nuts. The mother of the ruler of the Ka-tsi-na welcomed Ko-chin-ni-na-ko to her new home, and everything went smoothly for a time, until Ko-chin-ni-na-ko discovered that the bread set before her was made from dough mixed with human blood. She refused to eat the bread. When she next went to carry water, she extracted some pollen from one of the packages in her hair and ate it. Then she threw some of the pollen into the big water. Thus she lived for several days, but finally she ate all the pollen, and was in despair as to how she would be able to live, for she had resolved that she would never eat the bread of Sutsu-nuts. While she was in the midst of the dilemma, an old spider woman came to her and whispered in her ear:

“Now that your heavenly food is all gone, Sutsu-nuts will compel you to eat the bread made from dead people’s blood. You must not remain here, but must return to your father at Kush Kut-ret.”

So Ko-chin-ni-na-ko took a jar and went to the big water. As she stood upon the brink, one of the beings that lived in the water spoke to her, saying:

“When I was hungry, you fed me with corn pollen. For having thrown the pollen into the water, I love you. If you wish to return to Kush Kut-ret, I will take you across the big water.”

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko left her water jar upon the shore without hesitation and went with the being that lived in the water.

When Sutsu-nuts returned to his home to find that Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was gone, he was very angry. He went

to the margin of the water, where she had left the jar, and called aloud four times, asking the beings that lived in the water if they knew where Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had gone. At the fourth call the beings answered that she had gone to Kush Kut-ret, because she did not like the food he had given her. Then Sutsu-nuts went and called all of his followers, the Ka-tsi-na, and started in pursuit. They crossed the big water and, after traveling a night and a day, they scattered out over the country. In this manner they soon found Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's trail. They ran with incredible swiftness, so that they soon overtook her; and they struck her with a heavy club upon the calf of the leg, felling her to the ground. Then they returned to their own country, leaving Ko-chin-ni-na-ko for dead.

All night long Ko-chin-ni-na-ko lay unconscious. In the morning when the sun came up and warmed her, she recovered her senses. Still she did not move. She was unable to continue her way. At noon two sons were born to her. These were strong and rugged infants; and they rolled upon the sand and kicked up their heels in the air and crowded to see the trees and rocks around them and the bright sun looking at them.

In a crevice of the high cliff not far from where Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and her two sons were lying, there was a nest of Chit-ta Ma-ka-na, or white crows. The young ones said to their parents: "We see something yonder upon the sands. It looks like a doe with two fawns. Allow us to go and bring the little ones up to our nest so that they may play with us."

The old crows consented, and away the little crows went to make the acquaintance of their new playfellows. However, they soon returned to the nest and told their parents that what they had seen was not a deer but Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, the daughter of Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok. Upon hearing this, the old crows went down and conduct-

ed Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and her two boys up to the nest and cared for them.

The sons of Ko-chin-ni-na-ko grew very fast and soon began to run about and climb upon the rocks. One day, seeing some rabbits, they said to their mother: "What are those little white animals that are running about? May we not catch them?" Their mother told them to go to Father Chit-ta Ma-ka-na and get him to help them.

Father Chit-ta Ma-ka-na made for each of them a bow and arrows and instructed them how to use them. So the boys soon became hunters. After they had been at the home of the Chit-ta Ma-ka-na for a long time, the boys said to their mother:

"Mother, tell us of our father. Who is he?"

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko told them that their father was a bad man who lived on the other side of the big water.

Then they asked her: "Who is our grandfather?"

She told them that their grandfather was Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok, the ruler of Kush-kut-ret, and that she intended, in four days, to send them to his city to see him.

After that the boys were all impatience to set out for the city of their grandfather. The four days' preparation for the journey seemed endless. But they passed, and, early one morning, the sons stood before their mother to receive her final instructions and to take leave of her. Their mother directed them to enter the city from the south; to approach their grandfather's house, which they would know by its three ladders standing side by side, with parrots perched upon the tops, from the south; and to enter the dwelling from the south entrance. She told them that their grandfather had a room where he played with the stars; that he would require them to guess what stars were contained in the bags hanging upon the walls of the room. She enjoined them to remember that on the north wall hung a bag containing the Mai-chin, the seven stars in the Big Dipper; on the west wall hung Su-qi-she,

the Pleiades; on the east wall, Si-usphs or Chi-asps, Orion's Belt; on the south wall, Kai-ti-tu-wi, the Scorpion. Finally she told them that they must procure for her from her father some wearing apparel, for Sutsu-nuts, before leaving her for dead upon the sand, had stripped her of her clothing.

So the boys set out for Kush Kut-ret and the home of their grandfather. After long wanderings and many hardships and strange adventures, they arrived at the city. The old ruler came out to receive them. They were naked and their hair had never known a comb, so he supposed them to be from a strange people.

After the boys had been fed, the ruler asked them to enter the room where he kept the stars. Then he told them that, unless they were able to guess what the bags hanging against the wall contained, he would take their hearts out; but that, if they made correct guesses, they should have his heart. He pointed his finger at the bags, one by one, and told the boys to guess. Each time they made the correct answers. When the contents of all the bags had been named by them, Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok laid himself down and told them they had won and it was their right to take his heart. But the boys protested that they did not want his heart. He arose, very much surprised, and asked:

“Who are you that you do not receive your dues?”

Then they told him their story. They related Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's persecution by Sutsu-nuts, her escape, her flight, her capture and subsequent punishment, their own strange birth and stranger adoption by the white crows. They told him that Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had sent them to him to request that he send her suitable apparel in which to appear before her people.

When they had finished, the old man took them on his knee and told them that he recognized them as his grandchildren. Then he had them washed and dressed

and combed, and sent them back with clothes and presents and a welcome home for Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. The boys hastened their return to the home of the White Crows, where they had left their mother. They delivered the clothing to her, and the presents and message sent by her father.

When Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had donned the new clothes, she and her two sons set out for Kush Kut-ret; and, after long journeying, arrived at the foot of the ladder that led up to the ruler's house.

Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok had placed all his household gods in ceremonial order; had gathered all of his family around him and had instructed its members not to cry or to make any demonstration when they welcomed Ko-chin-ni-na-ko back, until the earth trembled. "For, if you do cry," he said, "something terrible will happen." When he had given these directions, he sang this song:

A-mo sa-mak ha-we-op. Hish-o-me shrot-sin-ni-ya
Ha-we-op ti-i I-ye-ti-ko kapsch i-an-ni. Ti-chu-qa-ya.
Shrot-sin-nya ka-ma. Em-me-he shrot-sin-ni-ya.
I-ye-ti-ko kapsch nup-si. Nup-si shrot-sin-ni-ya.
Ka-ma ni-qe-i-ko I-ye-ti-ko ya-ni-nu kot-sin-ni-ya.
Huk-ko, ko-qe-ya I-ye-ti-ko. Huk-ko, ka-ma shrot-sin-
ni-ya.
I-ye-ti-ko i-an-ni sin-na ko-qe-ya."

Translation: My dear daughter, come in; for your sake, come in. Here is I-ye-ti-ko in front. Sit here. For your sake, I go. That is why—for your sake. I will go in first to I-ye-ti-ko. I go in, my love. Look! I go. I will place I-ye-ti-ko in front, for her sake. Now I place I-ye-ti-ko. Now I go for your sake. I-ye-ti-ko first in front place.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and her sons, one on each side of her, stopped at the foot of the ladder leading to the roof of the house, and called:

"Father, Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok, mother, Ko-chin-ni-

na-ko, sister Qisch-kin-ni-na-ko, sister Ko-kin-na-ko, sister, Ka-sha-na-ko, do you still love me? Do you welcome me home?"

All in concert answered: "Yes, Yes. We still love you and we welcome you."

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and her two sons ascended the ladder to the top of the house, for the entrance was by means of a hole in the roof. Here they paused, and received the same answer. They went down to the floor of the second story of the house. Again she called, and again the answer was repeated. Then they began to descend the ladder into the room where the family was assembled, awaiting them. When Ko-chin-ni-na-ko reached the last rung of the ladder, she stopped and called again to her father, mother and sisters. As she did so, Ka-sha-na-ko, her sister, began to cry.

At that moment Sutsu-nuts, who had discovered that Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was not dead, and who had followed her, rushed down the ladder, caught her and her two boys in his arms and carried them away. And they never came back, nor were they ever seen again by any that knew them.

QI-YO KE-PE.

This village was located probably on the Mississippi river. Natchez sounds like a Queres name. Some of their names for places are very peculiar. This name may have been Nah-stchis, meaning six directions of view, literally it means six eyes.

From the fact of the house spoken of in this story, being thatched with big leaves, it is evident that it must have been in a tropical or semi-tropical climate. And the village of Kush-Kutret being in the same latitude must have been in a similar climate.

When the people lived in the Kush Kut-ret, on the bank of a great river, one of the daughters of Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok, the ruler, became afflicted with the disease called Kai-ot, the scab.

All the medicine men of the village were summoned. They counseled together, recited their spells, performed their incantations, but without avail.

Now it was known that many miles to the west, beyond four deep rivers, there dwelt an old woman, Qi-yo Ke-pe, in a house thatched with big leaves, who was skilled in the use of medicine. When Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok found that his daughter grew no better under the treatment of the medicine men, he determined to send for Qi-yo Ke-pe. To this end, he dispatched the war captain to the west to bring her to Kush Kut-ret. The journey proved a difficult one for the war captain on account of the four big rivers which lay between Kush Kut-ret and the home of the medicine woman. After overcoming many obstacles, he finally found her and persuaded her to return with him to the Kush Kut-ret.

When they reached the bank of the first river, the old woman took off her moccasin, as if to shake the sand out, when a herd of deer and antelope and buffalo and all the other animals of the forests and plains sprang into existence. This seeming witchcraft frightened the war captain. He hurried the old woman across the stream and they traveled as fast as they could until they

came to the bank of the second river. Here Qi-yo Ke-pe removed her other moccasin and again shook it as if to shake out the sand, when all the different kinds of birds came forth, singing. The war captain was now more terrified than ever.

When they reached the bank of the third river, the old woman again took off her moccasin. She shook the sand out of it and this time all the reptiles of the bogs and rocks came forth.

At the bank of the fourth river, Qi-yo Ke-pe again took off her moccasin and shook it and thousands of insects of all kinds buzzed forth. The war captain was in a panic of fright, and he hurried along faster than ever until they reached Kush Kut-ret.

The medicine woman found the daughter of the ruler of the city very sick and covered with sores. Yet, not dismayed, she began her ministrations. She used no medicine except water, but that continuously, so that within three or four days' time the patient had almost fully recovered. Then the war captain was sent to conduct Qi-yo Ke-pe back to her home.

The medicine men had meantime held a consultation by which it was determined that, since Qi-yo Ke-pe had been able to effect a cure where they had failed, the only way in which they could regain the confidence of the people was to kill her. This they determined to do. So they followed the trail of the medicine woman until they reached her home. She asked them to come within, but they refused, saying that they had come to warn her that in four days they would return and put her and her family to death.

The old woman took up the broom and, shading her eyes as she looked at the sun, she began to sweep the floor. As she swept she cried:

“Qi-yo Ke-pe ko-tchu-ma, Qi-yo Ke-pe ko-tshu-ma,
Kats-o-e-tu-i-na. Ko-wa-schum-ma stcha.

Ai-kut-to-ri-na, ai-kut-to-ri-na.

Qi-yo Ke-pe tcho-sto.

Free translation:

Qi-yo Ke-pe is not with you classed,

Qi-yo Ka-pe is above your caste.

Tens over tens of years shall come and go,

Before the scars shall cease to show,

Or trouble cease to be,

For the murder of Qi-yo Ka-pe.

On the fourth day the medicine man returned. They took Qi-yo Ke-pe and her husband and her daughter and son away and killed them.

When Qi-yo Ke-pe was dead, all the animals gave utterance to their plaintive cries; all the birds drooped their wings and stilled their joyous singing; all the bees and other insects buzzed their grief; all the reptiles crawled away and hid themselves.



THE SCOUTS CHANGED TO CLOWNS—KOMI-O SHI

THE UNSEALING OF KATSINA KUTRET.

This tradition goes to show that the Nowish or Katsina people, commonly known as the Toltecs, were known to the Queres, who sent scouts to locate them. They spoke the same language, were an earlier colony of the same stock. Later tradition shows them located in a deep valley in Arizona, somewhere near the Rio Gila.

When the people came from Ship-op, they sent two scouts ahead to find the door to the Katsina Kutret that had been sealed up for years; but for some sin the scouts were turned to clowns and they returned without accomplishing anything. They were sent again and they made inquiries wherever they went as to how they might find the door of the place. They asked the Oshatch Pai-at-yum-ma, the guide of the sun. He told them that they would find it in the middle of the west; so they went west until they came near to the Zuni salt lake, and there met an old fairy woman, Kum-mushk Qi-yo, the Spider Woman. (At that time Kum-mushk Qi-yo were people) and they asked her how to find the door of Ka-tsi-na-Kut-ret.

She told them that if they would not tell any one who gave them the information, she would tell them all they wanted to know. They promised and she told them to go to the old Badger Woman and she would open the door for them. They had no trouble in finding the old Badger Woman, and she said she would open the door. She then asked them who had sent them to her and they told her that the old fairy woman had sent them. The Badger Woman was angry and cursed all of the fairy women, and said that from that day on the fairies should be insects and that their homes should be on the water at the edge of the ponds and rivers.

The old Badger Woman had a pet antelope fawn and she told the clowns that they could go into the Ka-tsi-na-

Kut-ret by diving down in the Ma-say Ka-ma, the crater in the center of the Zuni salt lake, and that in four days she would open the door. The clowns did as they were directed and waited and waited four years instead of four days. In the meantime, the Badger Woman's antelope had attained its growth, and then she took the antelope with her and went to the door of Ka-tsi-na Kut-ret. The antelope took a short run and struck the door with his head and raised a great dust. This he did four times. At the fourth time the door flew open and there was a great explosion and the Ka-tsi-na people came out. They were all yellow and sickly. Because the people were brought forth in this way, is the reason for the Badger and Antelope clans having first place in the Ka-tsi-na dances.



MASTS-TRU-OI, THE CLIFF DWELLER

MASTS-TRU-OI, THE CLIFF DWELLER

In the Spin-na- Ko-ot, or wooded mountains, lived an old woman and her son Masts-tru-oi. Their dwelling was upon a bench or shelf of a towering cliff. Far below it lay the broken plain and far above it rose the lofty precipice. There was but one way to reach the dwelling and that was by a secret and dangerous path over the face of the cliff.

Masts-tru-oi was a wayward son. Disregarding the teachings and prayers of his mother, he became an outlaw and an abductor and murderer of women. He never had more than one wife at a time. It was his practice to go into the settlements, marry a wife and take her to his cliff dwelling. If any of those to whom his fancy turned, refused him, he would carry them off by force. But his restless soul was not long satisfied with any woman, and one by one, he threw them over the cliffs and brought home others in their places.

Eventually he married the eldest daughter of Hutch-a-mun Kai-ok, the ruler of Kush-kut-ret, the white village, and took her to his home. He soon grew tired of her and began to seek some pretext to rid himself of her. With this evil intention he one day said to her:

“Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, I have four rooms full of corn which you must shell and grind. One room full of blue corn, one of white, one of red and one of variegated. You will begin on the first room tomorrow morning and you must have the corn shelled and ground into meal by the time I return in the evening.

The next morning, Masts-tru-oi, as was his custom, went to play with Shi-wu-na, the deity of the elements, at Ko-wai-sho Putch, the edge of the sea.

After he had departed Ko-chin-ni-na-ko went to the corn rooms. She was dismayed at the task that Masts-tru-oi had set for her, and sat down upon a pile of corn and began to cry.

Just then Kum-mushk Qi-yo, the old spider woman, appeared to her.

“Sister, why are you crying,” she asked.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko told the Kum-mushk-Qi-yo what Masts-tru-oi, her husband, had commanded her to do, and said that she feared that if she failed to perform the task, he would throw her down the cliff.

“Sister, you must not cry,” protested the spider woman. “I will help you out of your difficulty.”

The old spider woman left her, but soon returned, bringing a flock of the Sinna Ka-sha-na, the magic turkeys.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and the spider woman then fell to work and, as fast as they shelled the corn, the magic turkeys ground it, so that long before evening they had the room full of blue corn all ground into meal.

When Masts-tru-oi returned from the Ko-wai-sho Putch, he said to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko:

“Have you ground all the blue corn?”

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko led him to the corn room and showed him the meal from the blue corn.

Then he said to her:

“Tomorrow you must grind the room of red corn before I return in the evening.”

So the following morning, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko went to the red corn room. There she found the fairy. The spider woman greeted her and then went and brought her the magic turkeys.

Again the magic turkeys ground the corn while Ko-

chin-ni-na-ko and the spider woman shelled it; and again the task was completed long before the shades of evening fell upon the cliffs.

Masts-tru-oi returned at nightfall and said to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko:

“Have you ground all the red corn?”

As before she led him to the corn room and there showed him the meal from the red corn.

He said, “Tomorrow you must grind the room of white corn before I return in the evening.”

The next day with the assistance of the spider woman and the turkeys, the white corn was shelled and ground into meal. Again Masts-tru-oi, upon his return, inspected the work, and commanded on the day following that the variegated corn should be shelled and ground.

The last room full of corn was turned into meal as the others had been. Masts-tru-oi, when he found that the four rooms full of corn were all ground, offered no word of praise or approbation to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, but said:

“Tomorrow you must go to the north side of the Ko-wais-tehum-ni Ko-ot, to the White Lake, Stchum-nuts Ko-wai-sho, and bring me back a jar of water from it.”

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was greatly frightened at this command, for she knew that it was a great distance to the White Lake, and she despaired of being able to travel so far and return before evening. However, the following morning she set out with her jar upon her head for the north side of the Ko-wais-chum-mu Ko-ot, the mountain of the White Lake. After traveling for some distance, she sat down to rest, when the old spider woman appeared beside her.

“Where are you going, sister?” inquired the fairy. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko told her that Masts-tru-oi had sent

her to the White Lake, commanding her to return before evening with a jar of water from the lake.

"Wait," said the fairy, "and I will bring the White Lake near. It is many miles over rough and rugged mountains and you could never reach it."

Even as she spoke, the distance between them and the White Lake began to diminish. The lake came nearer, nearer, nearer; and then the Stuchum-nuts Ko-wai-sho bubbled up at Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's feet.

"Fill your jar from it," said the fairy, "for this is the white water."

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had hardly filled her jar when the lake began to recede and it soon disappeared in the distance. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko took the jar of water home and waited for the return of her husband.

He came in the evening and immediately asked for the water from the White Lake. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko brought the water to him. When he had tasted it, he said:

"Surely this is water from the White Lake. Methinks you are very swift of foot to have walked so long a distance in so short a time. I will put your wonderful powers to greater proof. Tomorrow you shall go to the Blue Lake, Qi-shk Ko-wai-sho, on the east side of the Ku-chun-na Ko-ot, the East Mountain, and bring me a jar of water from it."

The next morning Ko-chin-ni-na-ko started for the Blue Lake. Soon the old spider woman appeared and asked:

"Where are you going, sister?"

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko told her that she was going to the Blue Lake to get a jar of water for Masts-tru-oi.

"You could never get thiere," said the spider woman. "Give me your jar and your shoes. I will go and get the water. You must wait here until I return. Masts-tru-oi suspects that all is not right and tomorrow he will

follow your trail to the Blue Lake to see if you really went there."

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko gave the spider woman her shoes and the water jar, and the fairy disappeared. She soon returned, bringing a jar full of water from the Blue Lake.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko thanked her and took the water home. When Masts-tru-oi returned that evening, he tasted the water and said:

"Surely this is the water from the Blue Lake."

But he was angry and violent because all his plans and plots against Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had come to nothing and, finding no other pretext, he said:

"Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, you are a witch, a devil. I am going away, but in four days I shall return, and then I shall throw you over the cliffs and kill you."

His wife was greatly terrified by his words and his violent manner. She said nothing to him in answer; but, in the morning after he had gone away, she sat down and began to cry.

The old spider woman came to her and asked: "Why do you cry, sister?"

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko repeated to the fairy the terrible threat that Masts-tru-oi had made.

"You must not cry," said the fairy. "I will aid you. In three days I will come to you."

After leaving Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, the Spider Woman went to her home and spun a long thread of spider web and wound it into a ball. On the third day she had completed her preparations. She led Ko-chin-ni-na-ko to a secret place on the cliffs where she could lower her down without danger or difficulty. Then the fairy instructed her as to the route she must pursue in order to reach Kush Kut-ret; told her that a sister fairy lived midway between the cliffs and the city and that her house might prove a place of refuge in time of need. She then en-

treated Ko-chin-ni-na-ko to make all the haste possible; then, bidding her farewell and telling her not to look up, lest the cord break and she fall down the cliff, she lowered her gently to the ground at the foot of the precipice.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko did not linger near the cliffs, but starting away at once in the direction of Kush Kut-ret. She had walked a long distance and was very tired when she discovered that night was overtaking her. The darkness came on rapidly. Looking back over her shoulder, she saw that big black storm clouds had obscured the sun. She knew that Shi-wu-na was coming in the clouds bringing with him his friend, Masts-tru-oi.

The storm drove onward very rapidly. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was in despair for she knew that Masts-tru-oi must soon overtake her. Suddenly she heard some one call to her and, looking up, she saw an old Spider Woman standing near her.

“Come to my house out of the storm,” called the fairy.

When they had reached the dwelling, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko exclaimed:

“How can I get in? Your house is so small.”

“Put your foot in at the door and instantly it will open wide enough for you to enter,” returned the fairy.

As Ko-chin-ni-na-ko entered the dwelling of the Spider Woman, she glanced back and saw her husband, Masts-tru-oi, furious and scowling with rage, riding in the clouds with Shi-wu-na, the Spirit of the Storm, who speaks when it thunders.

Masts-tru-oi, looking down from his elevated position, beheld his wife, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. Immediately the thundering voice of Shi-wu-na rang out, echoing from mountain to mountain and from cliff to cliff and causing the very earth to tremble. The rain and the hail poured



A QUERES GIRL CARRYING A JAR OF WATER

in torrents but Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was safe in the house of the fairy, for the house was lined with pitch so that no rain could enter. Though the lightning flashed from all quarters, striking the house again and again, it glanced off each time harmless.

Masts-tru-oi, seeing that he would not be able to accomplish the destruction of Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, from the clouds, asked his friend, Shi-wu-na, to allow him to descend to the earth. Shi-wu-na bade him farewell and deposited him on the ground near the dwelling of the Spider Woman.

Meantime Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and the fairy had armed themselves with darts of flint, resolved to resist the Cliff Dweller's attempts to force an entrance into the house.

Masts-tru-oi attacked the door furiously and broke it to pieces, but, before he could enter, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and the fairy struck him with their darts on the lower part of the legs, breaking them and bringing him to the ground.

Soon Masts-tru-oi died from his injuries. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and the Spider Woman took up the remains, carried them away from the dwelling and laid them upon the ground. As time passed away the flesh fell from the bones and became dust, and the bones bleached in the sunshine.

A few days after the death of Masts-tru-oi, two boys were born to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. She remained at the house of the old Spider Woman until the boys were able to travel, then she continued her journey and finally reached Kush-Kut-ret and the home of her father.

Years passed away and the bones of Masts-tru-oi, the Cliff Dweller, lay whitening under the sun.

Shi-wu-na, the god of the rain storm, went often to the Ko-wai-sho Puteh to play, but his companion never came, and the heart of Shi-wu-na was saddened. No more his deep toned voice was heard out of the rain clouds.

One day Shi-wu-na's mother, Sitch-chi-na-ko, the spirit of reason, said to him. "Why do you grieve, Shi-wu-na?"

Shi-wu-na told her that he grieved because he feared that his friend, Masts-tru-oi, was dead, since he came to play with him at the edge of the water.

"I will discover," said his mother, "whether Masts-tru-oi be dead or not."

Accordingly she moistened her hands and rubbing a little dirt between them, placed it on the floor and covered it with a cloth. Soon a big fly was produced from the dirt, and flew up and buzzed around. Sitch-chi-na-ko caught the fly and directed it to go and search for the remains of Masts-tru-oi.

The fly flew away directly, but after a time returned to report that it had discovered the bones of Masts-tru-oi near the house of the old Spider Woman.

Having made this discovery, Sitch-chi-na-ko sent for her sister, Shro-tiu-mi-na-ko, the spirit of memory, or subjective mind, and requested her to bring the bones of Masts-tru-oi.

When the bones had been brought to her, Sitch-chi-na-ko placed them carefully in a heap. Then she put a heart among them and covered the whole with a covering of cloth.

Sitch-chi-na-ko stood on the north side of the heap of bones and, extending her hands over them, repeated.

"Hash-kun-ni o-wi-Chu-kom-mi. Pa pa pa pa pa." Bones come together.

As she spoke, the bones fell down from the heap and began to arrange themselves in their places.

Sitch-chi-na-ko then stood on the east side of the bones and, extending her hands over them, repeated:

"Hash-kun-ni o-wi-chu-ko-mi. Pa pa pa pa pa."

The bones rattled over one another and joined in their places, each bone in its proper place.

Then Sitch-chi-na-ko stood on the south side of the bones and, extending her hands over them as before, repeated:

“Hash-kun-ni ni-a-ni-shro. Pa pa pa-pa-pa.”
(Bones come to life.)

The covering shook; the flesh formed on the skeleton; the heart began to beat.

Sitch-chi-na-ko stood on the west side of the bones and, extending her hands over them, repeated:

“Hash-kun-ni, hash-kun-ni, ti-ipt-tio. Pa pa pa-pa-pa.”
(Bones, bones arise.)

Immediately Masts-tru-oi threw the covering aside and arose as he had been in life, except that he had a new and a different heart.

Sitch-chi-na-ko delivered to him a few words of advice and instruction. She told him that his wicked deeds and his desire to do wrong had been the cause of his death, and that he must mend his ways and strive to atone for his past misdoings. She then sent him back to his home in the cliffs.

His old mother was overjoyed to see her son again, and rejoiced at the change that had been wrought in him by the strange experience he had undergone.

Again Masts-tru-oi went to the Ko-wai-sho Putch to play and to run races with Shi-wu-na; again Shi-wu-na was happy, and again his deep voice was heard echoing through the mountains.

The reformation of Masts-tru-oi was complete. He never again threw any one down the cliffs, but lived long and happily with his mother in his elevated dwelling on the side of the precipice.



O-SRATS PAI-TUM-MU

RU-RU-KA-MOOT AND THE AWL.

This is a story of some one who left the colonies in this country and went on to the Aztecs settlement in Mexico. The awl spoken of was a compass or magnetic needle.

One day Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, who had been roaming through the woods and over the hills near Kush-kut-ret, sat down under a tree to rest. Soon she fell asleep under the tree where a ray of sunlight came through the leaves and shone upon her. O-srats Pai-tum-mu, seeing her, came down upon a ray of sunlight and paid court to

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko awoke. Seeing the O-srats Pai-tum-mu, she was at first frightened, but his address was so pleasing and his ways so winning that she quickly recovered from her fright.

Thereafter Ko-chin-ni-na-ko went every day to the tryst beneath the tree, and every day O-srats Pai-tum-mu came down to her on the sunbeam. At length they married. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko kept the secret from her people. This she was able to do the more easily because O-srats Pai-tum-mu possessed the power of rendering himself invisible to whomsoever he willed. For a long time he continued his secret visits.

Meantime the people of Kush Kut-ret were enduring many hardships. The rains ceased and the country became dry and unproductive. No corn would grow. Finally it was determined that, in order to save the people from starvation, they must move into a more favored country. The day for the departure was, accordingly, fixed and the crier was sent to notify all the people of the proposed exodus.

On the night before the departure, a boy was born to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. Knowing that the birth of the boy would betray the secret of her marriage, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko

determined to leave the child in Kush Kut-ret." So she prepared a recess in the wall of the house, placed the child therein and sealed up the opening. Then she went out with the other people to seek a new home in the Qe-ya pu ko-wak. (Outskirts of Southwestern Settlement.)

After they had gone, the baby, who had been sleeping, awoke and began to cry. This sound reached the ear of an old woman who, being blind, lame, decrepit and unable to travel, had been left behind. When she heard the cry it seemed to be saying these words:

"Ko-sha sia-no, si-a-no. Ko-sha si-a-no, si-a-no,
Ko-sha si-a-no, si-a-no,
Yu-e-tit Kush-kut-ret Quisch-chi Ko-a,
Ko-chin-ni-na-ko ai-a-mi aquich.

Translation:—

Last night I was born, I was born,
Last night I was born, I was born,
Last night I was born, I was born, I was born,
From the north Kush Kut-ret, to the south of the south.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko has abused me."

The old woman went in search of the child and, at last, found it.

The people had left food for the old woman, and she chewed some of the nuts with which she had been provided and fed them to the baby. On this diet he grew to be a big, strong youngster, and soon began to call the old woman "grand mother." As he grew older, he was continually asking his grandmother about himself, who his mother was and where he lived.

The old woman told him that his mother was Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, the daughter of the ruler of Kush Kut-ret, and that his father was the O-srats Pai-tum-mu.

The years passed away and the child that had been so cruelly deserted by its mother and so kindly fostered by

the old woman had developed into a young man of very pleasing appearance. Moreover, he was a daring and skillful hunter. He knew the haunts of the bear and the lion; he knew the grazing places of the deer and the antelope; and he knew where the beavers built their dams. While still a mere youth, he had named himself "Ru-ru-ka-moot," for that was the sound that the stick made when he scraped the hair off the deerskin preparatory to tanning.

One evening Ru-ru-ka-moot was sitting with his grandmother before the fire. He had been asking her, as he had asked many times before, about his parents, and what way the people went when they left Kush Kut-ret. The old woman had told him all she knew, when an awl, that had been sticking in the rafters of the ceiling for many years, spoke up and said:

"Ru-ru-ka-moot, I will take you to where your mother is, to the Qe-ya Pu Ko-wak. I will point the way, if you will carry me and feed me. A small piece of rawhide or buckskin will do for my food. When I am hungry, then you must stick me into the rawhide or buckskin until I squeak."

Ru-ru-ka-moot said to the awl:

"You are my friend. Some day we will go away together."

Soon after this the old woman died. Then Ru-ru-ka-moot took the awl down from the rafters and started on his travels. The awl pointed the way to the southwest, and Ru-ru-ka-moot followed whither it pointed. In this manner they pursued their journey for some time without incident, until, one day, as Ru-ru-ka-moot was sitting upon the rocks resting and feeding the awl, he let it fall into a deep crevice. At first he was at his wits end to know how to recover his friend and guide; but as he sat there, looking down into the crevice and ponder-

ing, the awl spoke to him, telling him that there was an old Spider Woman living near and that he must go and speak to her and get her to help him.

Ru-ru-ka-moot soon found the old Spider Woman who greeted him as her grandson, and when he told her his troubles, offered her assistance. The fairy then left him, but soon appeared and gave him a ball of cord made of spider web. She instructed him to drop one end of the cord into the crevice where he had lost the awl. When he had done this, the old woman went down into the crevice. She fastened the end of the cord to the awl and commanded Ru-ru-ka-moot to pull on the line. In this manner the awl was restored to him. He thanked the Spider Woman for her assistance and went on his way with a light heart. They journeyed for many days until, at length, they arrived at the Qe-ya Pu Ko-wak. There Ru-ru-ka-moot found his mother.

At first Ko-chin-ni-na-ko did not know him, for he had grown during their separation from a new born baby to be a strong, handsome young man. But when he told her that he came from Kush Kut-ret and had related to her his history, she knew that he was her son. So he was received into the family of the ruler.

After remaining a short time with his mother, Ru-ru-ka-moot continued journeying, still traveling southwestward to the Qe-ya Pu Ko-wak Qisch-ko-a.

It was known to Ru-ru-ka-moot that the maidens of this settlement were renowned for their beauty, but that a wicked enchantment had been cast over them; that any man who went there and married among them would come under the spell of the enchantment and would surely die. However, Ru-ru-ka-moot took up his residence at the Qe-ya Pu Ko-wak Quiseh Ko-a, and, in course of time, fell in love with a beautiful maiden of the place. His father, O-srats Pai-tu-mu, came to him and gave him

a magic stick or wand, and told him that, by its influence, he would be able to break the spell.

This proved to be true. Ru-ru-ka-moot married the maiden of his choice, and all the girls of the settlement were freed from the enchantment.



KI-NAH-NE, THE GAMBLER

PAIS-CHUN-NI-MOOT, THE FIRE BRAND BOY.

This story, you will observe, points to the north as the dwelling place of the Queres nation. From thence they migrated south also, and indicates one of the reasons why they moved out.

Many years ago, when the earth was still young, a great people dwelt in the Mountains of the north. For a long time this nation was prosperous and there was an abundance of crops in the land. But the time came when the rivers ceased to flow and the clouds refused to refresh the earth with rain and the fields lay barren in the parching sun. Famine came upon the people, for they were accustomed to take from the fields only so much of the harvest as was needed for the winter store.

In the midst of the famine, stories came to them of the rich fields of the south. Some even of the young men who had wandered far in search of game, had seen these fields, green with waving corn and traversed by a great river. So, despairing of being able to feed so numerous a people from the meager returns of their almost unproductive fields, the old men in the council determined that to move south would alone save the people from starvation.

When this decision became known, the women immediately made ready all that they could carry of their goods; and then the nation turned their backs upon their homes and journeyed toward the Southland.

Not all the people went out, however, for in one of the villages a mother and her child remained. The mother soon died, but the child lived, for after his mother's death he was fed by the birds that came to him every morning in flocks, bringing seeds and grain.

Time passed. The child was no longer a child, but a youth roaming the mountains and plains in search of

game and working daily in the field, for the rains had long since returned and the corn grew green and tall. It had been the custom of the youth from his earliest childhood to scatter corn meal before the door every morning at the rising of the sun as an offering. One morning, as he scattered the meal, a smooth black stone was in the basin. He took the stone and held it in his hand, and immediately he heard a voice speaking out of the stone. The youth answered the voice and it continued saying:

“I am your grandmother, and I live in the stone. Your mother was Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, the daughter of Hutch-u-mun Kai-ok, the ruler of Kush Kut-ret. Your father is the sun, the ruler of the heavens.”

All day long the boy pondered over the strange happening. Never before, within his memory, had he heard the sound of any human voice save his own. Now he began to feel the weight of his loneliness. He was filled with a great longing for companionship. The next morning, on going to scatter the meal, he saw that the sun, in its coming up, had drawn very near the earth, so that it seemed to raise from immediately behind a high mountain in the east. The light so dazzled him that he fell upon the ground, wondering and afraid. Then he heard the sun calling in a loud voice:

“Sa-mu-ti.” (My son).

The youth rose and answered, “Naish-ti-a!” (My father!)

Then the sun looked upon him kindly and said:

“When I come up from the east four times, I shall take you with me, for I have long desired to show you to my people to prove to them that I have a son. Henceforth you shall be called Pais-chun-ni-moot.”

On the fourth day thereafter the sun stood above the mountain. The youth climbed the mountain, and the sun took him. Then they journeyed on together, and at noon

they came up in the middle of a great room where all the peoples of the earth were assembled. The sun spoke, saying:

“My people, this is my son, Pais-chun-ni-moot, whom I have brought with me that you might see him.”

Then the people took counsel together and said: “We will try, if he be the child of the sun.”

So they took the youth into a room in the north, and the room was filled with bees; but he caught the bees and robbed them of their honey and they did not sting him. Then they took him to a room in the west that was filled with yet smaller bees, and these he caught as he had the first, and was not stung. Then they took him to a room in the south where the fiercest of the captive bears were kept, and the youth rode the bears and was not bitten. They took him to a room in the east and put him among the lions, and the lions fawned upon him.

When the people beheld all this, they cried with one voice: “This is indeed the child of the sun.”

And when the sun saw that the people were convinced, he ordered them to go to the mountains and gather leaves. These they brought and made from them a bed for the youth; and they warmed him in the leaves until he was made in the image of his father.

Then the people cried, “Behold Pais-chun-ni-moot! He will go to the mountain where Kai-na-ni dwells and release our people.”

Now Kai-na-ni was a mighty man of craft and cunning who dwelt in a high mountain of the west. He was a skillful gambler in a game of his own invention. His dwelling was a great cave in which he plied his craft and imprisoned the people who were foolish enough to wager their bodies upon the cast of the reeds. So numerous had become his captives and so great his wealth that the people greatly feared him. They endeavored many times to kill him, but their efforts had always failed, for Kai-na-

ni was a skillful necromancer. So now they hailed the child of the sun as the hero who would deliver their enemy into their hands and rescue their people from imprisonment. In order that he might accomplish this, he made for himself implements in imitation of Kai-na-ni's reeds. With these he practiced daily until he became certain of the order in which they would fall. Then, while the great sun went over the earth, the Fire-brand Boy went under the earth until he came to the mountain where the gambler lived.

In order that he might not be surprised by his enemies, Kai-na-ni had set a crane to watch before his door. As Pais-chun-ni-moot approached, the crane was so blinded by the brightness of his appearance, that he was enabled to pass by and enter unannounced into the dwelling. As he opened the door, he called:

“Tso-yot, Kai-shi Nai-ya, Pai-shi, these being the names of the sticks.

Kai-na-ni sat upon a bear skin under a large basket suspended from the ceiling. In his hand he held the reeds. Tso-yot, white with a black band around the middle; Kai-shi, black with a white band around the middle; Nai-ya, white, with black spots; Pais-shi, black with white spots. In the playing, the gambler threw the reeds up against the bottom of the basket and the players wagered upon the order in which they would fall upon the skin beneath.

As Pais-chun-ni moot entered, Kai-na-ni said: “You are brave.” Then he went out and spoke to the crane, “Why did you not warn me?” and struck the crane with a stick so that it stooped. Ever since that day the legs of the crane have been bent.

Returning to the cave, Kai-na-ni said, “Let us gamble.” And he made ready to cast the reeds.

But Pais-chun-ni-moot said, “See, I have reeds of my own.” He took them from his pouch and handed them to the gambler.

Kai-na-ni took them in his hands and blew upon them and said, "They are good. Let us gamble with them."

Then the Fireband Boy lay down his bundle of furs and said, "I wager this against all the people you have imprisoned in your house."

But Kai-na-ni hesitated, saying, "Let us eat first."

He set before Pais-chun-ni-moot food mixed with human blood. Seeing this Pais-chun-ni-moot took from his wallet honey and bread and gave this to Kai-na-ni. When they had eaten Kai-na-ni said to Pais-chun-ni-moot:

"Now do you cast the reeds."

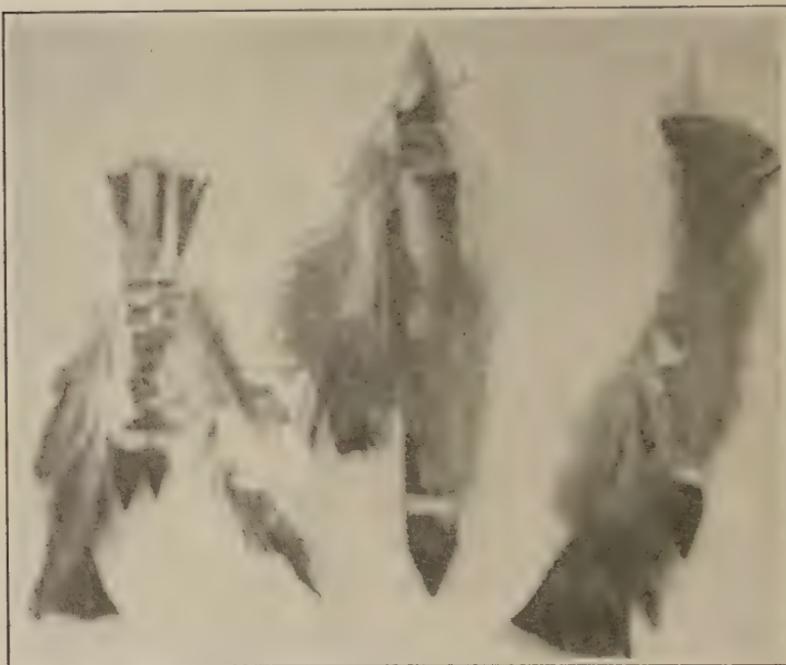
But Pais-chun-ni-moot answered, "I came as a learner."

So Kai-na-ni threw the reeds and lost. The Firebrand Boy Straight-way released the imprisoned people.

Kai-na-ni then wagered his house and lost again. He wagered his eyes and lost them also. Thus was the gambler punished for all his evil doing; and Pais-chun-ni-moot returned joyfully to his people.

But Kai-na-ni's heart was full of evil. He arose from his bed and felt his way around the mountain. In a cleft of the rocks he found ya-ka-cha, and under the trees he found si-mus-cha. These he mixed together with his hands and blew his breath upon them so that the fire came out of them and the gum was melted. The flame filled the mountain, and the rocks became like water which ran out of the cave and down the mountain side. The villages of the people were laid waste and the valleys were overwhelmed. The people fled to the mountains round about to escape the fire which burned on for many days, adding fresh matter to the deluge of melted rock and defying the efforts of all to stem the flood.

I-sto-a-moot, the arrow boy, shot an arrow in the air. As the shaft went up, it pierced the clouds and the rain fell and the fire was extinguished.



HUTCH-A-MUN OR PRAYER STICKS, SHOWING HOW THE PLUMES ARE ATTACHED—OFFERINGS TO THE ELEMENTARY DEITIES

MOKI TRADITION.

Once the ruler of the Ka-tsi-na became angry because the people of Moki were imitating the dance of the Ka-tsi-na. So he went to Moki and asked the ruler of the Moki to prohibit it. The Moki ruler replied to the ruler of the Ka-tsi-na that the people of the Moki would paint and dance as they pleased.

The ruler of the Ka-tsi-na responded, "I will wager my people against the people of Moki and we will play the game of moccasin to decide the issue."

The Moki ruler agreed to this and the ruler of the Ka-tsi-na said, "On the fourth night from now I will return to Moki with my people."

When he had departed, all the men of Moki set about making Hutch-a-mun all but one, whose name was Ship-ki. He was not popular among the people, so he did not seek to mingle with them. Having nothing to do, Ship-ki wandered away from town. As he was going along, he heard a voice calling:

"Ship-ki, come here."

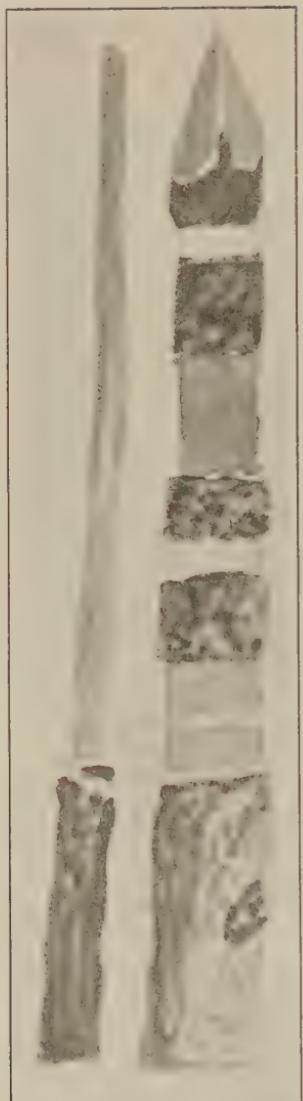
He went toward the voice and soon discovered an old Spider Woman who said to him:

"Why are you not making prayer sticks as the other men are?"

"Because I have no friends," said he. "Everybody likes to scold me and make me miserable."

"You go to where they are at work," directed the fairy. "Bring me a stick, any kind of a stick that they may throw away, and two feathers that they do not want; and I will help you to make a Hutch-a-mun."

Ship-ki went to the house where the men were working and brought the stick and the feathers. The Spider Woman helped him and showed him how to make a



SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION
OF THE HUTCH-A-MUN
OR PRAYER STICK OFFERINGS
TO THE SUN WITHOUT THE
PLUMES



THIS DRAWING SHOWS HOW THE
HUTCH-A-MUN OR PRAYER STICKS
ARE CONSTRUCTED
Offering to Sitch-tche-na-ko (Reason)
without the plumes

Hutch-a-mun. Then she gave him a peculiar pot, called Kai-ya-hai-ya, shaped like a shoe, and said to him.

"I will go with you. I will hide behind your ear and will direct you when the Ka-tsi-na come to play the moccasin game."

When the Ka-tsi-na came on the fourth night thereafter, they caused a great crack or fissure to open near the village. Then they dug out a room in the side of the mesa upon which the village stood, and took up their quarters in the room.

The ruler of the Moki brought out his men and ranged them in four lines opposite the four lines of the Ka-tsi-na where they were drawn up near the fissure.

Four moccasins were then placed between the forces, and the leaders of the Moki and of the Ka-tsi-na took up their positions near them.

The moccasin game was played by placing the four moccasins in a row, and one of the contestants, sitting behind the row of moccasins, chanting an incantation and making passes with his hands, strove to deposit the stone in one of the moccasins so quickly and skillfully that the other contestant would not discover which moccasin received the stone. The leader of the Ka-tsi-na undertook to cast the stone and the Moki leader to guess the moccasin. The first cast was made and the Moki missed the guess. Then the Ka-tsi-na cast one line of the Moki down into the fissure.

As the Moki leader was about to essay a second guess, Ship-ki climbed upon a ladder that stood against the wall of the mesa and shouted:

"Choose the moccasin next to the wall."

Just at that moment a flock of wild geese settled down upon the field where the game was being played and began to dance. A heavy storm of snow began to fall and



THIS IS WHAT IS CALLED A KY-AH-HY-O
It is an earthen pot made in the shape of a boot; after filling it with
water the toe or foot part is thrust into the hot coals and ashes,
where the contents soon boils

the air grew cold. The men of both the Moki and Ka-tsi-na were freezing.

Ship-ki produced the pot that the Spider Woman had given him and placed it in the midst of the freezing men. It immediately began to boil and throw off great clouds of steam that soon melted the snow and warmed the air.

While all this was going on, the leader of the Moki, hearing Ship-ki call to him from the ladder, replied:

“Who are you to tell me how to choose? I am doing the choosing.”

He guessed and lost again, and another file of his followers were cast into his fissure.

When the Ka-tsi-na cast the stone the third time, Ship-ki, having remounted the ladder, called out:

“Choose the middle moccasin, next to the wall.”

Hearing him the leader of the Ka-tsi-na, who, no doubt thought Ship-ki a foolish fellow, said:

“Let him come down and guess.”

The Moki leader, having witnessed the wonder worked by Ship-ki’s magic pot, consented.

Ship-ki descended from the ladder, and pointed out the moccasin that contained the stone. Again and again Ship-ki guessed the right moccasin, and each time the Moki cast a file of the Ka-tsi-na into the fissure.

When only one file of the Ka-tsi-na remained, the leader called for a truce. He conceded to the Moki the privilege of dancing and painting with Ka-tsi-na paint.

When a treaty had been concluded, the ruler of the Moki approached Ship-ki and said to him.

“I am no longer in power. Henceforth you shall be the ruler. From that time Ship-ki became the ruler of the Moki.



THE STO-RO-KA

THE BATTLE OF THE STO-RO-KA AND THE KATS-TSI-NA

The Zuni Indians are a mixture of two races. Frank Hamilton Cushing, who spent a good many years among them studying their language, customs and history, identifies them as a mixture with the ancient cliff dwellers, a branch of the Nowish or Toltecs and the Yumas and this is how it happened, according to Queres version.

The Sto-ro-ka or Kur-ret-ti-ku, are described as a race of Ko-qui-ma, or Hermaphrodites. They occupied the country in the vicinity of the lake that is known to the Qe-res as the Arrosauk and now called Mormon Lake, situate south of Flagstaff, Arizona.

The Ka-tsi-na warred against the Sto-ro-ka and were defeated in a severe battle fought near the Jaralosa Spring, north of the Zuni Salt Lake.

The Sto-ro-ka went into the battle with bow strings made from the fibres of the soap weed, while those of the Ka-tsi-na were of deer and antelope sinews. While the battle was in progress, a terrific storm of rain and hail came down upon the warriors. The bow strings of the Ka-tsi-na were wet by the rain and soon became limp and useless; while those of the Sto-ro-ka, being made of vegetable fibre, were only rendered more tense and consequently more efficient, by the wetting.

Thus, by the aid of the storm, the Sto-ro-ka were victorious in the battle, and soon brought the Ka-tsi-na to sue for peace. A treaty was agreed upon between the chiefs. In order to preserve this treaty, the headman of the Ka-tsi-na had a history of the fight and the conditions of the treaty inscribed upon the side of a smooth sand-stone bluff. Below the writing were drawn in outline, three deer, two bucks and a doe. This was the emblem of the Ka-tsi-na.

The bluff upon which this strange record still may be



THIS FIGURE IS CALLED THE SABE NOWISH

The name is, probably, Saba Nowish. Saba was the Sheba spoken of in the Scriptures and this people may have come from that city or some other part of southern Arabia. The Zuni Indians are of the Nowish tribe; they call themselves She-we. Might not this name have been taken from Sheba?

seen stands eight or ten miles west of the Jaralosa Spring and about twenty-five miles northwest of the Salt Lake of Zuni, close to a spring known to the natives as Ojo Benow (Ojo Venado.)

PUSTS-MOOT.

South of Kut-si-ma, the enchanted mesa, lived Pusts-moot and his mother. Pusts-moot from his youth up had always been active and energetic in all the sports and in the work which fell to his lot. He learned to trap and to hunt, and became famous among the people for his skill with the bow.

However, Pusts-moot was not like other young men, for he had an enormous head, not like the head of others, but three times as large; and he bore a very ugly and repulsive visage. This affliction did not seem to worry Pusts-moot who was always good tempered and cheerful.

One day the town crier of Acoma, near which Pusts-moot dwelt, announced that on the fourth day thereafter the people would assemble and go forth to gather Hashtcha, a species of yucca, from which to make baskets.

It was the custom on such excursions for each young woman to select from among the young men an escort and companion for the day.

On the third day, the day before the appointed time, Pusts-moot repaired to Acoma, to learn that he had been chosen to escort Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, daughter of the governor.

Imagine his surprise at this intelligence! He of the big head and the ugly visage had been elected by the beauty of the town.

Pusts-moot returned home and advised his mother of his good fortune. His mother said nothing, but proceeded to prepare lunch for him to take with him, consisting of corn meal cakes shaped into hollow balls and filled

with honey. The next morning he went early to join the people. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was awaiting him and they set out toward the east to Stehum-mu-ya, the place of the bees.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had two sisters. These sisters had for their companions Ha-ta-we-moot and Shro-a-ka-moot. At Stehum-mu-ya, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and her sisters with Pusts-moot and the two other young men left the main body of the people and went by themselves to gather bear grass, Hashteha. Although this arrangement was pleasing to the maidens and to Pusts-moot, it did not please Ha-ta-we-moot and Shro-a-ka-moot, for they did not like Pusts-moot, being jealous of his fame as a hunter and more jealous of the favor shown him by Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. So they had much sport and made very merry between themselves over his deformities.

At midday the party lunched, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko eating the cakes brought by Pusts-moot and Pusts-moot eating those brought by Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, as was the custom. After luncheon they worked, digging the long leaves of the bear grass. For this purpose they used a sharpened stick made from a hardwood called Ti-y-up which grows in rocky places and resembles a currant bush. The wood is very hard and is used also for making arrows and Hutch-amun, the prayer sticks. In the evening the young people returned to Acoma, taking with them the bundles of bear grass they had gathered.

Arriving at home, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko called to her parents telling them that she had come home. The Ho-chin invited Pusts-moot into the house, and, drawing him aside, told him that the reason that Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had selected him for a companion was because she wanted him for a husband.

Pusts-moot replied that he was well pleased with Ko-

chin-ni-na-ko and desired to make her his wife, provided no objections were found by the Ho-chin.

The Ho-chin responded that he was satisfied with Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's choice.

So Pusts-moot and Ko-chin-ni-na-ko were married, to the great surprise of Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's many friends, who regarded Pusts-moot as a monster and not a man. Soon after the celebration of the marriage, Pusts-moot took his wife to his mother's house. His mother was overjoyed to find that her son had made such a conquest, and took her to her heart at once. Alone with her, the mother asked her if she was satisfied with her lot now that she had married a man who was afflicted not only with a horrible deformity, but with poverty as well. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko responded that she was perfectly contented.

Upon receiving this brave answer, the mother said: "We are called poor, my daughter, but in fact we are not so. Though we make no display of riches still we are far richer than even the Ho-chin, your father.

The she took Ko-chin-ni-na-ko by the hand and, opening the door of a room, told her to look within.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was indeed surprised at what she beheld, for the room was filled with beautiful clothing, dresses, deerskin, ornaments and beads of turquoise.

The mother took Ko-chin-ni-na-ko by the hand again saying, "We have yet another surprise in store for you."

She led the wondering girl to another room where hung upon the wall a huge and hideous mask with a great shock of hair upon its crown. This mask reminded Ko-chin-ni-na-ko of Pusts-moot. While she was looking at it, a handsome young man entered the door and stood watching her. As Ko-chin-ni-na-ko turned toward him, the mother said, "Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, this is Pusts-moot

transformed, and that," pointing to the mask, "is his deformity."

It is needless to say that Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was pleased with the transformed Pusts-moot and that they lived together happily ever after.

One day, soon after the occurrences just related, Pusts-moot was out hunting, when he came upon a large plant, the *Mush-mu-ti-ka*, or Spanish bayonet. He was about to pass this plant when he saw a large brilliantly colored butterfly, hovering over the dry stalk. Pusts-moot wondered at seeing the butterfly, for it was winter time, and determined to catch it. So he started off in pursuit of it. As soon as Pusts-moot approached, the butterfly flew away. Pusts-moot following, over rocks, around trees and through thickets, until, in a very rocky place, just as he was sure of catching it, it disappeared in the brush. Pusts-moot plunged into the thicket, still intent upon the capture. In the very densest part of the wood, he came suddenly upon a boy seated upon the ground. He accosted the boy and asked if he had not seen a butterfly flying about among the bushes.

"No, I have not seen it," answered the boy.

Pusts-moot started again upon his search for the butterfly, but the boy called out after him, "Pusts-moot, come here, I have something to say to you."

"Wait until I find the butterfly," answered Pusts-moot.

Again the boy called to him, "Pusts-moot, I am the butterfly. I am a No-wish, I am the Sap-no-wish." (An elf or browny.)

Upon hearing this, Pusts-moot returned to where the boy was seated, and the boy continued: "I was sent by the Ho-chin of the Ka-tsi-na. I took the form of a butterfly in order to entice you to this spot. The Ho-

chin of the Ka-tsi-na sent me to bring you to the land of We-ni-mot”

“Is it far?” inquired Pusts-moot.

“Not very far,” answered the No-wish.

“Then I will accompany you,” said Pusts-moot.

“No,” said the No-wish, “I will put you in this arrow and we shall travel very rapidly.”

The No-wish produced a bow and a hollow arrow, and, putting the arrow to his mouth, he drew a breath upon it.

Pusts-moot felt himself grow thinner and thinner, until he became so attenuated that he slipped into the arrow easily, drawn by the breath of the No-wish.

The No-wish placed the arrow upon the bow and shot it toward the west, toward the land of the We-ni-mot, or the Ka-tsi-na Kut-ret. Then, throwing the bow aside and transforming himself into a fly, he followed the flight of the arrow. On and on they flew over mesas and mountains until, at length, the arrow began to curve downward and finally stuck in the ground close to the door of Ka-tsi-na Kut-ret. The No-wish changed himself from the form of a fly to the form of a boy, and at once released Pusts-moot from his imprisonment in the arrow. Then they approached the entrance to the Ka-tsi-na Kut-ret. The entrance was a big hole in the ground covered by the Skutch, a big toad.

When the toad saw Pusts-moot and the Sap No-wish approaching, he settled himself firmly over the hole and closed his eyes, feigning sleep.

“Toad, move over toward the north,” commanded the No-wish.

The toad slowly blinked his big eyes and answered sleepily, “If I move to the north, it will be good for the north.

The No-wish then shouted, "Toad, move over toward the west."

"If I move to the west, it will be good for the west," grumbled the toad.

"Toad, move over toward the south," was the next command.

"If I move to the south, it will be good for the south," said the toad; and he did not budge.

"Toad, move over toward the east," said the No-wish.

Thereupon the toad moved toward the east and allowed Pusts-moot and the No-wish to enter the Ka-tsi-na Kut-ret.

They found themselves in a deep and gloomy cavern that led away under the earth. They followed this, and soon came to a beautiful country. Before them lay a broad and mirror like lake that gave forth light like the light of the sun. At the edge of the lake they encountered four old Spider Women who directed them to follow. The Spider Women walked to the water's edge, and stooping down, parted the water with their hands.

Pusts-moot and the No-wish drew near, and there before them lay a broad dry road crossing the lake, with the water piled up on either side. By this road they pursued their journey. By-and-by they came out of the lake and entered a country where the tall corn waved and the pumpkins grew luxuriantly. There were broad meadows and thick woods where roamed herds of deer and antelope.

Upon the margin of the lake Pusts-moot and his guide were met by the Ho-chin of the Ka-tsi-na. He welcomed Pusts-moot in the name of the Ka-tsi-na people, complimented him upon his prowess as a hunter and directed him to convey this message to his mother; that he thanked her in the name of his people, because she

always remembered them, because she always threw the fragrant soup from the deer and antelope toward the west, because she threw the crumbs and wafted the steam from the boiling pots toward the west that the Ka-tsi-na might enjoy them. Then the Ho-chin continued, telling Pusts-moot that he had sent for him in order that he might reward him and his mother and make them a present.

At the order of their chief, the Ka-tsi-na brought loads of green corn and pumpkins and piled them in a heap, so large a pile that a hundred men could not have carried it away. Then the Ho-chin told Pusts-moot that this offering of corn and pumpkins was his and that he must take it home with him. He then went on to say that the Ka-tsi-na people would, in four days, pay a visit to Acoma, that they would arrive there in the evening, that they would dance during the night and would return to the Ka-tsi-na Kut-ret in the morning. He said they would come in the storm with Shi-wu-na, the deity of the elements.

Pusts-moot, responding, thanked the Ho-chin and the Ka-tsi-na for their kindness and their presents; but declared that of the latter he could only accept a small portion, as he had far to go and was unable to carry so

“You can easily take it all,” said the Ho-chin. He then called in the four old Spider Women who had opened the road through the lake for Pusts-moot and the No-wish.

The old women took a very small bag and began to fill it. The heap of corn and pumpkins seemed to shrink to a mere handful which they easily put into the little bag. Pusts-moot strapped the bag to his waist, but hardly felt the weight of it.

“When you reach your home,” instructed the Ho-

chin, "empty the bag upon the floor, and the contents will resume their original bulk."

Pusts-moot took leave of the Ho-chin and his people, and, guided by the Old Spider Women and the No-wish, recrossed the water and reached the door of the cavern. After some parley with the toad, Pusts-moot and the No-wish again reached the outside of the cavern.

As he had done before, the No-wish drew Pusts-moot into the arrow and shot him toward his home; then, changing himself again to a fly, he followed the arrow. Pusts-moot came to earth at the very spot from whence he had started on his flight to the land of We-ni-mot. The No-wish again quickly changed himself to the form of a boy. He drew the arrow from the ground and, blowing upon it, expelled Pusts-moot from it. Then he bade farewell and vanished.

During the absence of Pusts-moot Ko-chin-ni-na-ko and his mother were growing hourly more and more anxious, wondering what had befallen him to keep him from them for so long a time. Suddenly they heard his greeting from above, for the outside doors to the houses, in those days, were in the roof instead of on the side. He was soon with them, telling them of his wonderful journey to the Ka-tsi-na Kut-ret in the land of the We-ni-mot. He united the little bag and turned it bottom upward and the corn and pumpkins fell out in a great heap that filled the room. His wife and mother were greatly surprised to see such things as green corn and pumpkins newly broken from the vines in winter.

Four days later, in the evening, the black storm clouds began to roll up from the west. In the clouds came the Ka-tsi-na. They brought with them great loads of corn which they gave to the people of Acoma. Then all night long they danced their wierd and beautiful masked dances. Before the morning dawned they disappeared and went back to their home in the land of We-ni-mots.

IS-TO-A-MOOT AND THE BUFFALO MAN.

Is-to-a-moot, the arrow boy, was one of the most celebrated characters in Qe-res history. Beside being a successful and daring hunter, he was a great traveler and the hero of many wonderful adventures. It is not surprising then that he won the hand of Ko-chin-ni-na-ko against a field of many rivals.

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was the most beautiful maiden in all A-co-ma, but, unfortunately for Is-to-a-moot and herself, she was vain and fickle.

Shortly after the marriage, during Is-to-a-moot's absence on a hunt, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko went early one morning to the spring for water. While she was filling her jar with water, she was approached by Mu-shaitch Hutch-tsi, the Buffalo Man. She did not seek to avoid him, for, to speak the truth, she rather admired his appearance; and when he spoke to her, she answered boldly. He proposed to her that she accompany him to his home. She readily consented, and directed by the Buffalo Man, she climbed upon his back. Then he started swiftly away in the direction of his own country in the northeast.

When Is-to-a-moot returned from the hunt, he searched long and vainly for his wife. He inquired among the people, but none of them could give him news of her. Then he became sad and moody and lost all interest in his work and in the hunting. He went no more among the people, but sat all day long in his house, mournful and sad.

Among the many trophies of the chase that Is-to-a-moot possessed was an eagle that he had caught and tamed. While Is-to-a-moot was sitting in his house mourning, the eagle had been fasting, for no one came to

feed it. One day the eagle went up to where Is-to-a-moot was sitting and said to him:

“If you will give me something to eat, I will take you to your Ko-chin-ni-na-ko.”

This speech of the eagle aroused Is-to-a-moot from the inaction into which he had fallen. He found some food and fed the eagle. The eagle then spread its wings and told Is-to-a-moot to mount upon its back. This he did and the eagle set off, flying toward the north-east. They traveled in this manner for many days, until they came to a very rough and mountainous country. Here the eagle stopped and directed Is-to-a-moot to alight.

“I have brought you this far,” said the eagle, “and can go no farther. From this place you must travel on foot to the country of the Buffalo.”

Is-to-a-moot took leave of the eagle and commenced his long march alone. He found himself in the midst of a vast wilderness the like of which he had never before seen. He looked all about him, but saw no familiar landmarks, so he determined to continue toward the north-east in the blind hope of finding the Mushaitch Hutchtsi and Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. He had not gone far when he succeeded in killing a deer that crossed his path. While he was engaged in dressing the carcass, an old Spider Woman came to him and spoke to him:

“My grandson, you are looking for your wife, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. Remain with me four days and then I will help you, for there are many dangers ahead of you.”

Is-to-a-moot thanked the Spider Woman for her proffered aid and told her that he would. So he carried the meat of the deer to the house of the Spider Woman and laid it upon the floor. The old woman cut the meat into thin strips and hung it up to dry, in order that Is-to-a-moot might carry it with him on his long journey.

The next day and the next Is-to-a-moot hunted toward the east, bringing home to the Spider Woman each night the game he had killed. In the meantime, the Spider Woman had been busy preparing some magic powders or medicine.

After staying four days at the house of the old woman, Is-to-a-moot took leave of her and proceeded on his journey. At parting the Spider Woman gave him the medicine she had prepared, instructing him that, if anything impeded his progress or threatened to delay him, he was to chew some of the medicine and blow it upon the obstacle, when immediately his path would be cleared.

Day after day Is-to-a-moot journeyed. Whenever he came to a deep ravine or canon that was difficult to pass, he chewed some of the medicine and, blowing it into the canon, commanded it to close up in order that he might pass. When he approached a high mountain very difficult to climb, he chewed some of the medicine and, blowing it on the mountain, commanded it to sink down in order that he might cross. And the canon would close up and the mountain would sink down until he was safely over.

By-and-by he came to a country inhabited by snakes. It was the land of the snakes. Snakes blocked the path and Is-to-a-moot was obliged to pause. However, he bethought him of his magic medicine. He chewed some of it and blew it upon the snakes. Then he commanded, "Pish-ti-i, Shru-wi-pish-ti-i." (Behave snakes, behave). The snakes were overcome by sleep and Is-to-a-moot passed safely through their country.

Soon afterwards he arrived at the borders of the country of the mountain lions. There were lions crouching upon all sides, ready to spring upon him. Here he chewed some of the medicine, and blowing it on the lions said, "Pish-ti-i, mo-kaitch, pish-ti-i." (Behave, lions,

behave.) Sleep overcame the lions and Is-to-a-moot passed through their country safely.

Then he came to the country of the bears. Bears walked about and growled angrily at him. He chewed some of the medicine and, blowing it on the bears, said, "Pish-ti-i, quai-ya, pish-ti-i." (Behave, bears, behave.) The bears immediately went to sleep and Is-to-a-moot passed safely through their country.

Then he came to the country of the wolves. Wolves in great packs sniffed the air and trotted around him. He chewed some of the medicine, and blowing it upon the wolves, said, "Pish-ti-i, ku-kun, pish-ti-i." (Behave wolves, behave.) The wolves fell asleep at once and Is-to-a-moot passed in safely through their country.

At last Is-to-a-moot came to the place where the sky comes down and meets the earth. At first he was appalled at the angry appearance of the sky. He approached it several times, but each time drew back afraid. Finally, his courage having slowly risen, he drew near enough to blow some of the medicine against the sky, saying as he did so, "Pish-ti-i, ho-wak, pish-ti-i" (Behave, sky, behave.) The sky at once became tranquil and Is-to-a-moot was no longer afraid. At his command, the sky slowly rose so that he was enabled to pass under.

Very soon he discovered the Buffalo Man asleep. Is-to-a-moot approached him cautiously. He saw that the Buffalo Man slept with his head pillowled on Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's dress, so that she could not stir without awaking him. When Is-to-a-moot had drawn near enough, he blew upon the Buffalo Man some of the magic medicine, and commanded him to sleep on. Then he went to looking about to see what he might discover.

He soon found another woman who the Buffalo Man had carried away from her home as he had carried away Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. He helped both of the women to free

themselves from the Buffalo Man. Then, accompanied by them, he started upon his return journey.

As they went along, it seemed to Is-to-a-moot that the wind moving through the long grass was whispering, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" The chirp of the cricket and the rasp of the grasshopper said, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

They hastened their steps. They reached the sky and, by the aid of the magic medicine, passed under it. They passed in succession the countries of the wolves, the bears, the lions and the snakes. Over mountains and across canons they hurried, until they came within sight of the village where Is-to-a-moot lived. But, as they sighted their home, they also beheld a cloud of dust in the distance, and they knew that Mu-shaitch Hutch-tsi and his people were pursuing them. Realizing that they could not reach the village before they would be overtaken, Is-to-a-moot and the women sought safety by climbing into a cottonwood tree. They had no sooner concealed themselves among the leaves and branches, than the herd of buffalo went thundering by. All but one of them passed the tree. That one was a calf with short hair named O-ko-to-wa-ni. Happening to look up into the tree, he spied the fugitives and immediately gave the alarm. The whole herd of buffalo turned and came down on the tree with a rush, bellowing and tossing the dirt with their horns. They struck the tree blow upon blow with their heads and caused it to shake and tremble. It was a very small tree, and Is-to-a-moot knew that it would not long be able to withstand the fierce attacks of the buffaloes. So he blew some of the magic medicine upon the tree saying, "Hi-tehi-i si-ka-ka" (cottonwood, grow large.) The cottonwood quickly grew to such a size that the buffaloes could not break it down or even shake it.

Is-to-a-moot then unslung his bow and began to slay

the buffaloes that continued their blind assaults upon the tree. Soon they were lying dead upon the ground. Then Is-to-a-moot and his companions descended from their refuge. Is-to-a-moot kindled a fire and cut some meat from the big buffalo that had carried away his wife. He broiled the meat upon the fire and gave to the women to eat. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko refused to eat the meat of Mu-shaitch Hutch-tsi but the other woman ate because she was very hungry.

Then Is-to-a-moot waxed very angry. "You will not eat the meat," he cried to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. "You still love the buffalo man. Then die that you may still be with him."

With that he drew an arrow from his quiver and shot her through the heart. She died and Is-to-a-moot married the other woman whom he had rescued from the buffalo man.

I-STO-A-MOOT AND HIS SISTER.

Many years ago there lived in Acoma two young people, brother and sister. Their father and mother were dead, and the support of the household rested upon the brother, I-sto-a-moot. The sister had many suitors for her hand, but she found no one among them that pleased her. One of these suitors was a Chi-an-ni, a medicine man. Although he was very devoted, the maiden heartily disliked him and avoided his presence whenever she was able.

One day while the brother was absent from home, having gone on a hunt, his sister fell ill. The medicine man was called to see her. While alone with her, he took an eagle feather and, thrusting the quill into her breast, he bit it off close so that it could not be seen.

When I-sto-a-moot came home, he found his sister apparently dead. He was overcome with grief at his loss and would sit alone for hours mourning.

Now this young man had a friend, a big star, with which he often communicated. As he sat by the side of his dead sister, alone in his grief, the star came and shone in at the door and asked him what the trouble was.

After he had related the cause of his mourning, the star said to him:

“Be brave. Do as I direct, and all will yet be well with you and your sister. You must bury her body before the door of your house, and each night you must watch over her grave. Something strange and awful will happen, but you must do nothing until I appear to you again.

So I-sto-a-moot buried his sister before the doorway and kept nightly watch over the grave. On the fourth night as he sat before the door, he saw two big gaunt wolves approaching, dragging between them a log

of wood. When the wolves reached the grave they laid the log of wood down and began to dig. Soon they unearthed the body of the young girl, and after dragging it out, deposited the log in its place and then carefully re-filled the grave.

As the wolves started away with the body, the star appeared to I-sto-a-moot and told him to follow them. So he followed the wolves toward the southwest, the star accompanying him.

The wolves carried their burden to an open cave in the rocks. When I-sto-a-moot and his companion reached the place, they halted. The star gave the young man four flint darts and directed him to enter the cave. He went in. The cave was crowded with Ku-ni-te-ya. The body of I-sto-a-moot's sister lay within the circle. The Shai-an-ni who had caused her death knelt beside the body, and with the assistance of one of the Hun-ni-te-ya, he extracted the quill from her breast. Immediately the girl recovered consciousness and began to call for her brother. I-sto-a-moot called to her in answer and stepped between her and the Kun-ni-te-ya. These quickly formed themselves in four lines to attack and overpower him. At the command of the medicine man, the first line rushed forward. I-sto-a-moot poised one of his darts and cast it. It passed along the entire line of the Kun-ni-te-ya, killing or severely wounding every one of them. The next line made its attack with like result. Then the third line, and finally the last, came on; but I-sto-a-moot's darts seemed winged with death, for he killed or wounded all except a very few who escaped by changing themselves into animals.

When the enemy had been thus summarily defeated, I-sto-a-moot took his sister home with him to Acoma. Though she soon recovered her wonted bodily health and her beauty, she was ever afterwards blind during the daytime, but could see at night.

THE TURTLE, THE DEER AND THE SHE WOLF.

Once there lived near each other a doe and a she wolf. Each had two children; those of the wolf being little snarling, savage cubs, while those of the doe were pretty and playful little spotted fawns.

The doe and the wolf were close friends and often went on excursions over the hills and through the forests. One day the cubs of the wolf said to their mother:

“Wa-wa wa,” which meant that they wanted something.

“Wait awhile,” said the mother wolf.

The wolf then went to the doe and said to her, “Let us go and gather I-mast-chu (cactus) for our dinner.

They went together to a place where the cactus grew plentifully and while the doe was gathering the plants, the wolf sprang upon her and killed her. Then, cutting the carcass in two, took half of it home to her cubs. After giving meat of the doe to her children, the wolf gave some also to the fawns. While the cubs of the wolf ate the meat raw, the fawns put their meat on the fire to cook. As they sat by the fire they heard the meat among the coals say:

“Ur ur stch stch! Do not eat me, my children. I am your mother. The cruel wolf killed me while we were gathering i-mast-chu together. But you will find my spirit in the deer’s house in the land of the We-ni-mot. Go to the turtle man and he will take you across the big water.”

The fawns, though sad and sorrowful at the death of their mother, said nothing. The next day, however, when the old wolf was away, having gone to bring the other half of the carcass, the fawns went to visit the cubs. Soon the cubs said to them:

"Oh, what spotted skins you have! What made them so?"

"Our mother smoked us with corn cobs," replied the fawns. "Would you like to have spotted skins like ours?"

The cubs thinking to amend their ugliness, thought that they would.

So the fawns built a big fire of corn cobs in the den and going out, closed the door upon the cubs. As the smoke thickened the cubs howled and coughed and sneezed, and implored the fawns to let them out. But the fawns refused to open the door, and soon the cubs were smothered by the smoke. The fawns then opened the door and went in to find the cubs quite dead. Then they put a bow in the hand of the boy cub with the arrow drawn and pointing at his sister whom they placed with a basket balanced upon her head, a little in front of her brother.

Having placed everything to their satisfaction, they left the wolf's den and set out for the deer's house in the land of We-ni-mot. When they reached the brink of the big water, the old turtle man was there and soon carried them to the other side. The fawns told the turtle man that the wolf was probably pursuing them and that he must delay her as long as possible in order that they might get safely into the deer's house before she could overtake them.

After the fawns had been gone for some time, the she wolf came along. The old turtle man was digging in the ground and was singing, in a deep low voice; "Si-a-nu-ya nu-ya."

The wolf called to him, saying that she wished to cross the big water.

"Four times have I been from the east to the west,"

he replied. Then he counted slowly; "One, two, three, four."

Again the wolf called to him; so he went and took her on his back and slowly crossed the big water with her. But when he reached the opposite bank, the old turtle man would not allow her to land, until he had sung his song again. Then he put her ashore and she ran away in the direction of the deer's house.

The fawns had already reached their destination and were safe with their mother in the deer's house.

When the wolf reached the place, she called down from above: "Are the fawns there?" "Yes they are here," was the answer. "Send them up to me," said the wolf. "Come and get them," was the reply."

So down leaped the wolf into the deer's house. But a big buck was ready to receive her on his horns and when he threw her off, another caught her, and so they tossed her until she died.

YO-A-SCHI-MOOT AND THE KUN-NI-TE-YA

A popular superstition among the Queres Indians is the fanciful and fantastical order known as the Kun-ni-te-ya or ghost people. Though this order is purely imaginary there are many superstitious ones among the people who believe not only that the order has existence, but also that the members of it are witches who possess the power of changing their forms to those of animals. For this reason they are called two headed. On the other hand, the majority of the people have no belief in witchcraft nor in the existence of the Qun-ni-te-ya, and scoff at the idea that any one has the power to change himself into an animal.

Among the practical ones who held to this latter faith was Yo-a-schi-moot, and among the firm believers in all the magic and the miracles of the times was Yo-a-schi-moot's beautiful wife. So insistent was she in her support of this belief, that Yo-a-schi-moot finally began to think that perhaps she knew more of witchcraft than he had before suspected. So he determined to watch her movements to see if she held any communion with witches or demons.

One night, as Yo-a-schi-moot was lying awake, a big black cat came to the window of the room. He heard the cat say in a low whisper:

“Why do you not come? They are all there and waiting.”

“Be quiet,” answered the wife. “Yo-a-chi-moot is not yet asleep.”

When he heard this, Yo-a-schi-moot feigned sleep. When his wife heard his deep, regular breathing, she cautiously arose and glided out of the room. Presently she returned, bringing a bowl of cooked meat and an ear

of smutty corn. She placed the ear of corn beside the bed where Yo-a-schi-moot was lying, then, taking the bowl of meat with her, she stole silently out of the house.

She had scarcely disappeared when Yo-a-schi-moot rolled over in bed, intending to follow her. As he did so, he heard a voice, which seemed to be that of his wife, saying:

“Are you awake?”

He did not answer, but got up from his bed and stood upon the floor. Then the voice asked:

“Where are you going?”

He did not answer, but began to grope about him, thinking that perhaps his wife was still there and that he had dreamed that she had gone away. Suddenly his hand encountered the ear of corn.

“Ya-ka pu-shu-na. This is what has been fooling me,” he cried; and, taking a firm hold upon the ear of corn, he threw it violently against the wall. Then he went swiftly and silently out of the house, following his wife whom he soon described going on before him toward the west. Yo-a-schi-moot followed far enough behind so that he could see her shadowy form without being seen by her. After going westward for a considerable distance, she turned her course to the north and east. Soon she came to a place known as the Kun-ni-te-ya Kut-ret, a big open cave in the rocks. She lost no time in entering the cave. Yo-a-schi-moot approached as near as he thought prudent and concealed himself under one of the numerous blankets that were lying on the ground. From his station he was able to see that the cave was filled with Kun-ni-te-ya, some of them being people whom he knew intimately and met with every day in the village. He heard the Ho-techin of the Kun-ni-te-ya ask:

“Why are you not on time?”

"My husband would not go to sleep," answered Yo-a-chi-moot's wife, "and I could not get away."

"So much for marrying outside the order, against my counsel," responded the Ho-chin. "We will now proceed with our ceremonies. I will cause the rainbow to appear." In lieu of the rainbow a large hoop is started rolling and members wishing to change their shape must jump through the revolving ring at the same time making a wish. "You will each and all walk under it and, by merely willing it, assume whatever shape of animal you may choose."

The rainbow appeared at his command, and, one by one, the Kun-ni-te-ya passed under it. The transformation hoped for did not take place. Those who expected to assume the forms of animals still remained men and women. They all marveled greatly at the failure of the magic that had ever before been so potent.

"Hold," cried the Ho-chin. "There is a spy, an unbeliever in our midst. We must find him. Search the cave".

The Kun-ni-te-ya departed to do his bidding, but soon returned and reported that they had found nothing.

"Have you searched thoroughly?" asked the Ho-chin. "Yes," they answered.

"Have you looked under all of the blankets?" "All but the Ho-chin's," was the reply.

"Look under that also."

Thereupon one of their number lifted the blanket and discovered Yo-a-schi-moot.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Ho-chin. "This man has come to join our order. He must dine with us, for that is the first step in the initiation."

Fearful of the punishment that might follow upon refusal, Yo-a-schi-moot went in and dined with the Kun-ni-te-ya, eating out of the same bowl.

"Now," said the Ho-chin, "you have taken the first step in our initiation. For the time you are a Kun-ni-te-ya like the rest of us and you may pass under the rainbow arch. Hereafter other ordeals, more trying than that of eating, will be required of you."

Again the rainbow was formed and, as each of the Kun-ni-te-ya passed under it, they took the shape of the animals they willed. When it came Yo-a-schi-moot's turn, he chose to change himself into a cat.

After the ceremony was over, the Ho-chin addressed him, telling him that before he could be received into full membership, in the order, he must go and bring into the assembly of the Kun-ni-te-ya the heart of the sister he loved best.

So the cat that had once been Yo-a-schi-moot emerged from the cave on this cruel and sanguinary errand. He went straightway to his father's house where all four of his sisters lay asleep. For a long time he looked upon them, trying to decide which one of them he loved best. He thought of each one in turn as a sacrifice to the Kun-ni-te-ya, but each time came to the same decision. He loved them all and all equally. Finally, when he was almost despairing, he bethought him of a way out of his dilemma. He had a big rooster with which he had often talked, and it occurred to him that he loved the rooster better than any one else in the world.

"I have it," he said to himself. "I will kill the rooster and take his heart to the Ho-chin of the Kun-ni-te-ya.

Accordingly he proceeded to the enclosure where he kept the rooster. The fowl was easily captured and quickly despatched. Taking the heart, still bleeding, Yo-a-schi-moot returned to the Kun-ni-te-ya Kut-ret. When the Kun-ni-te-ya had again assembled, Yo-a-schi-moot found that there were several candidates for admission

to the order. The others had brought the heart of a real human, as they had been instructed to do.

The Ho-chin received the hearts from the candidates and placed them in a semi-circle on the ground before him. He then produced a long cactus thorn and thrust it into the first heart along the line. The heart cried out in tones of a person in great agony, "Ai-nai-a," (Oh! mother!) The Ho-chin proceeded along the line, thrusting the thorn into each heart in succession. As it felt the prick of the thorn, each heart cried out, as the first one had done, "Ai-nai-a." When the Ho-chin came to the heart brought by Yo-a-schi-moot, he plunged the thorn into it. Instead of the customary and expected cry, the heart gave forth a loud and prolonged "Oo-oo-oo-ooo-a."

"Treason and treachery," cried the Ho-chin. "Seize the traitor."

"Yo-a-schi-moot," he stormed, when the culprit was brought before him, "you must explain to us why you have attempted to palm off on us a rooster's heart instead of one of your sister's."

Yo-a-schi-moot, frightened at the threatening mien of the Ho-chin and his followers, could only plead that he had no favorite sister, and that he loved the rooster with a love passing his love for women.

But no such defense availed in the councils of the Kun-ni-te-ya. Yo-a-schi-moot had willfully disobeyed the order of the Ho-chin and had failed to pass the second ordeal of the initiation. The penalty for such failure and disobedience was death; and the sentence was passed upon him by the Ho-chin.

Yo-a-schi-moot was not advised of the fate in store for him. All unsuspecting, but still fearful, he was led again under the rainbow arch with the Kun-ni-te-ya and assumed his natural form. After the assembly had been

dismissed, the Ho-chin drew Yo-a-schi-moot's wife aside and instructed her that she had been appointed to carry into effect the sentence of death that had been pronounced upon her husband. The method of execution was what was known as Tit-kash.

Yo-a-schi-moot returned home in fear and trembling, expecting momentarily to meet with some condign punishment. For several days he did not go abroad but stayed in his house, guarding against any attempt on the part of the Kun-ni-te-ya to do him harm. However, this constant watchfulness discovered nothing, and he soon argued himself into a feeling of a security.

One night he went to sleep in his bed. In the morning he awoke to find himself lying on the narrow ledge of rock. He rubbed his eyes and stared about him. At his back was a cliff that went up to such a height and presented such a smooth and unbroken surface that he could not hope to scale it. Before him, at his very feet, was the edge of the shelf. He looked down, and the sight made him sick and dizzy. The ground, hundreds of feet below him, was strewn with broken rocks among which he could see the bones of the people who had been sacrificed and had fallen from the ledge.

Yo-a-schi-moot first attempted to climb the precipice at his back, but could not find so much as a finger hold. He meditated trying to descend, but the sight of the bones below drove him back. In despair, he sat down, for the ledge was so narrow that he was in constant danger of falling off. The full meaning of his situation now dawned upon him. He hungered and starvation stared him in the eyes. He thirsted, and no drop of water offered to cool his lips. If he slept, he risked falling from the shelf in his sleep. Three days went by. Yo-a-schi-moot was dying from hunger and thirst. His body was racked with horrible pain. His mind wandered.

All his bravery and courage deserted him and he began to cry.

Near the spot where Yo-a-schi-moot lay was a nest of ground squirrels, Ke-osh, where lived a mother squirrel and her two little ones. One day, while the mother was busy making an earthen pot, the two little squirrels slipped out of the nest and ran playing among the rocks. Soon they returned to their mother in a great fright. They ran against the newly constructed pot and broke it into bits. The enraged mother scolded them roundly and then asked them why they were so frightened.

"There is a dead man out there among the rocks, and he is crying," they breathlessly answered.

"Where?" asked their mother. "Come and show me."

Taking their mother by the hand, the little squirrels led her to the spot where Yo-a-schi-moot lay. The mother squirrel approached and spoke to him telling him to lie still and asking him what the matter was.

"I am dying of hunger and thirst," said Yo-a-schi-moot weakly.

"I will bring you food and water," said the squirrel. So she ran away and soon returned with two cups of the acorn, one filled with water and the other with pollen from the blossom of the prickly pear.

"That is only a drop," complained Yo-a-schi-moot, as she gave him the acorn cup of water. "It will do me no good."

"Drink," commanded the squirrel.

So he drank and drank, and still the acorn cup remained full of water. Then he ate and ate out of the other cup and still it remained full of pollen. When he had finished drinking and eating and his thirst and hunger were all gone, the squirrel said to him:

"Tonight the Kun-ni-te-ya will come to see if you are

dead; and, if you are not, they will tempt you and frighten you until you fall from the shelf. You must lie very still and pretend that you are dead. Tomorrow I will come again and will help you to get away from here."

That night, as Yo-a-schi-moot lay upon the rock, a big snake crawled down from the face of the precipice and hung over him. He did not move or open his eyes, for he knew that it was a Kun-ni-te-ya; and the snake finally went away. Then several clowns came and tied ears of corn and pots of water to the ends of rope and dangled them before his eyes. Still he lay as dead, and finally the clowns went away.

The next morning just at sunrise the squirrel came to him again. She brought with her two seeds from the pine cone. These she planted in a crack in the shelf close to the wall of the precipice. When the sun was up, the seeds put forth roots and tiny green sprouts came up out of the crevice. As the sun rose higher the shoots grew. By midday they were large saplings. By the middle of afternoon they had become strong enough to bear a man's weight. Then the squirrel directed Yo-a-schi-moot to take hold of the trees and climb up. Yo-a-schi-moot slowly and painfully raised himself up into the trees. Then he climbed by means of them to the top of the precipice, and was soon out of danger. The squirrel had followed him and now gave a number of pinon nuts for his food and a black pigment. She told him to await a favorable opportunity and then to smear the black pigment upon his wife's face.

Yo-a-schi-moot promised to do as he was told, and, then, bidding farewell to the ground squirrel, he set out for his home. It was dark when he reached the town. He passed through the streets unrecognized, for he was greatly changed by the hardships he had undergone.

There was a dance in progress in the village and Yo-a-schi-moot went in and mingled with the dancers. There he found his wife who, during his absence, had married another man. He made himself known to her and asked her to go with him to their house, pretending that he had something to tell her. They had no sooner entered the house than he seized her and smeared some of the black pigment on her face. She immediately fell asleep. Yo-a-schi-moot then placed an ear of corn in each of her hands and went away and left her. In the morning when she awoke, she began to scream like a Shu-anta, and continued to scream until she died.

KO-CHIN-NI-NA-KO AND THE KO-QI-MA.

Once there lived in the village of Acoma a very beautiful young girl by the name of Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. She had a lover, a handsome young man who lived in the same village.

In the neighborhood of Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's home dwelt a Ko-qi-ma, or hemaphrodite, a singular being, who desired to gain the affections of Ko-chin-ni-na-ko's lover. This ko-qi-ma was a witch and possessed the power of changing any one who came into her power to the form of an animal.

One day the ko-qi-ma asked Ko-chin-ni-na-ko to accompany her to the spring whither she was going to get water with which to mix her bread. Ko-chin-ni-na-ko went with her and then helped her to make the bread. When they had finished their labors, the ko-qi-ma said to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko:

“Would you not like to have a nice fat turkey for your breakfast tomorrow morning?”

“Ko-chin-ni-na-ko signified that she would. “But” said she, “How are we going to get a turkey?”

“O, answered the ko-qi-ma, “I will change you and myself to coyotes. Then we will go over to the neighbors' house and get one.”

After much argument, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko finally agreed to a coyote for the time, in order that she might procure the promised turkey.

By her magic arts, the Ko-qi-ma caused a rainbow to appear in the sky. Then she directed Ko-chin-ni-na-ko to walk under the rainbow, and when beneath the arch, to say, “I will be a coyote.”

When Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had done as the sorceress directed, she immediately changed to a coyote. The Ko-qui-ma then walked under the arch and repeated, “I will

be a coyote.' And she likewise assumed the form of the animal.

"Now," said the witch coyote. "We will go to the place where the turkeys are kept."

When they arrived at their destination, they found that the walls of the turkey house were very high and that the only means of entrance was through a small hole in the roof.

"Jump down, commanded the witch coyote, "get a nice fat turkey and pass it up to me."

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko sprang down into the house, and quickly caught a fat gobbler and passed it up through the hole to the Ko-qi-ma. When the Ko-qi-ma had secured her turkey, she called to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko:

"I hope you will enjoy yourself among the turkeys. I am going home."

Then she trotted away, leaving Ko-chin-ni-na-ko a prisoner in the turkey house. Several times she attempted to spring out through the hole in the roof; but, each time failing, she sat down and rested. Finally she made a more powerful effort and succeeded in getting her fore-paws over the edge of the hole. Then she drew herself up through the hole and jumped down from the top of the house. She did not know what to do, for she knew that if she went home in the guise of a coyote her people would not know her, but would kill her or drive her away. So she went away and hid herself in the rocks. There she stayed for days and days, living, like other coyotes, on scraps of rawhide and other refuse that she was able to find.

One day the young man who had been her lover before she became a coyote came out on the rocks to tan a piece of rawhide. He saw the coyote, and was greatly surprised that it did not run away. He approached it, looking at it closely. Finally when he was within a short

distance, he said: "I believe that you are my Ko-chin-ni-na-ko. Tell me, are you not?"

The coyote nodded its head. Then he came up to it and took it in his arms and carried it to his mother's house and cared for it. The condition in which he found Ko-chin-ni-na-ko was a heavy burden for the lover, but his love never faltered. One day he set out with her to find some one who would break the spell and restore Ko-chin-ni-na-ko to herself.

He first went westward to Zuni; thence to the Navajos and Moki. At each settlement he inquired if there was a wizard who was able to change Ko-chin-ni-na-ko from a coyote to the beautiful maiden that he loved. His search in that direction proved fruitless. Then he went to the east to all the towns, but found no conjurer powerful enough to aid him.

He had traveled far one day and was resting under the shade of a tree, when an old man, the man of the yellow flint, passed by. The young man called to him; told him his story and asked him if he could assist him.

"Perhaps," said the old man. "Go you back to Acoma and wait. In four days I will come and see what I can do."

The young man returned to Acoma, taking the coyote with him. In four days, true to his word, the old man came and established himself in the open cave or rift in the rocks north of Acoma, known as the Kun-ni-te-ya Kut-ret. There he called together all the spirits of medicine, from the Navajos, the Zunis, the Lagunas and the Acomas and from many other tribes. Then the old man sent for the young man and the coyote.

When they had come into the cave, the old man took from his breast a yellow flint. He laid the coyote upon the ground, ripped open the skin with the sharp flint; and out stepped Ko-chin-ni-na-ko, thin and pale.

The young man was beside himself with joy at the re-

covery of his lost loved one, and pressed upon the old man an invitation to accompany them home. The old man went home with them, and having reached the house of the young man's mother, he was liberally rewarded. Upon leaving, he gave to the young man and his intended bride a few words of advice. Then he gave to Ko-chin-ni-na-ko two am-as-kurt, two rolls of fibre twisted into a pad to be worn upon the head when carrying water. He told her that one of the am-as-kurt had no magic properties. That the other was a magic one that he gave her in order that she might punish the Ko-qi-ma; and he instructed her in the manner of using it.

When the Ko-qi-ma heard that Ko-chin-ni-na-ko had come back restored, she hastened to greet her.

"How do you do sister. I am glad that you have come back to us. What pretty am-as-kurts you have! Will you not give me one? We will go for water together."

Ko-chin-ni-na-ko agreed to this. While they were at the spring, the Ko-qi-ma asked Ko-chin-ni-na-ko to give her one of the pretty am-as-kurts. They filled their jars with water. Then Ko-chin-ni-na-ko said to the Ko-qi-ma:

"Now I will give you one of the am-as-kurts; but you must go down to the bottom of this sand drift, and I will roll it down to you. If you catch it, it is yours."

Down went the Ko-qi-ma to the bottom of the sand drift. Then Ko-chin-ni-na-ko called:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, ready," answered the Ko-qi-ma.

At the word, Ko-chin-ni-na-ko started the am-as-kurt down the drift. It rolled over and over rapidly until it reached the Ko-qi-ma. She put forth both hands to catch it. But it disappeared, for it was a magic am-as-kurt; and what had once been the Ko-qi-ma was turned into a rattlesnake and wriggled away in the sands and among the rocks; and Ko-qi-ma was seen no more in Acoma.

THE GOVERNOR OF ACOMA AND THE KUN-NI-TE-YA

One evening the governor of Acoma was sitting alone in his house, when there entered a stranger, carrying a large bundle. The stranger laid his bundle upon the ground and stood silent until the governor spoke to him and asked him what he wanted. He then said:

"I have here in my bundle shawls, scarfs, buckskins, leggins and belts which I wish to trade and sell to the people of Acoma. As it is the custom, I have come to you to notify you of my intention."

"I entreat and implore you not to trade with my people," said the governor. "That bundle contains the apparel of the dead. I know you. You are a Kun-ni-te-ya, a robber of the dead."

"You can not prevent me," said the Kun-ni-te-ya. "I will trade these things to the people, and they will surely die. Your people are doomed, for no one can own the clothing of the dead and live."

"I beg you to depart," said the governor. "I love my people. Tell me, is there nothing I can offer you? Is there nothing I can do to persuade you to go and leave my people in peace?"

"There is one thing that you can do," replied the Kun-ni-te-ya. "Listen! If you will consent to join us, I will go away."

"I accept the terms willingly," answered the governor. "To save my people, I will become a Kun-ni-te-ya"

"Very good," answered the Kun-ni-te-ya. "I will depart. But one year from this time, you must die and become one of us. We will come for you, but we will send a sign before us that you may know when we are coming."

Then the stranger departed and the people of Acoma were saved.

Time went on. Not one of the people knew that the governor had bartered not only his life, but had sold his future life to the Kun-ni-te-ya to save the village. The winter melted into spring; spring blossomed into summer; the young corn waved in the fields, ripened and was cut down. The governor was seated on a rock which overlooked the village of his people. It was autumn. He looked out upon the town and sighed, for he knew that his time was drawing nigh. As he sat thus, one of the great toes began to swell. He knew that this was the sign the Kun-ni-te-ya had sent before them. The toe continued to swell and the pain of it became more and more intense. At last he saw the spirits coming. They hovered around him waiting for the end. He stretched his body on the rock and thus he died.

THE HUNTER GIRL AND THE GIANTESS.

The people of Laguna once lived west cross the river, southwest from where the town now stands and the settlement was called Ko-shti-a. There lived at that place a man and his wife who had an only daughter. It was the custom for all the boys of the different families to go out on certain days in winter to kill rabbits. One day the girl told her parents that she was going rabbit hunting. She said: "I am only a girl, but I believe I can kill as many rabbits as any of the boys."

She started on the rabbit hunt and succeeded in killing a number of rabbits and, getting tired, stopped in a recess or cave on the north side Ti-mi-ya, a small butte about three miles southwest of Laguna, to rest and cook a rabbit for her dinner. About that time an old giantess appeared on the scene, attracted, no doubt, by the smell of the roasting rabbits and spoke to the girl. The girl was very much frightened at the huge being, the giantess was as big as a mountain, her mouth was several yards across. She told the girl that she was also hunting but was not so successful as to have caught any game and asked her for a rabbit. The girl threw her a rabbit which she swallowed at one gulp and then called for another and then another until they were all gone. Then she told the girl that she wanted more. The girl took her clothes, one garment at a time, and threw them to the giantess. The giantess then said that she was going to eat the girl. The recess in which the girl was in was so small that the giantess could get neither her hand or her head into it.

The girl began to scream and cry and Ma-sav and his brother, O-yo-ya-vi, (the hero brothers) who were in the Si-pi mountains east of the Rio Grande, heard her crying and Ma-sav said to his brother, "Listen! I hear

some one of our people crying; let us go and see what the trouble is."

They started and in due time arrived at the place and found the old giant woman pounding on the opening of the cave with a large stone, making marks which are still to be seen on the stone. She spoke to them saying, "My grandsons, what are you doing?" "O, we are hunting rabbits," they replied. "What nice spears you have and what sharp points." "Yes," said the brothers, you can see them better if you stand up and turn your head a little to one side."

As she was about to stand up, they threw their spears and each struck her in the neck and killed her. They then cut her open and took out the girl's clothes and returned them to her. Then they cut off the giantess' head and threw it over to the southeast, where it now lies, turned to stone, on the north side of the trail that leads to Stchum-mu-ya, the place of the bees.

The stone into which the giantess' head was turned is known as Sko-yo Ko-wow-we, the giant's face. The brothers also threw the heart to the north, and its stands in the shape of a hill northeast of Laguna on the road to Qischi-chi, the town of Paguate. That hill is known by the name Ka-wash-ka, the heart. After the throwing of the parts of the body, the brothers went out and killed a good number of rabbits for the girl and took her home.

THE COYOTE AND THE PRAIRIE DOG

One morning a coyote who was traveling through the country, came to a prairie dog town. He was very hungry, for he had not had his breakfast, so he said to himself. "I will lie down here and make believe that I am dead. Maybe the prairie dogs will come out and I will catch one for my breakfast."

Accordingly he stretched himself out upon the ground and breathed very softly and lay very still so that he appeared like a dead coyote. By and by a prairie dog came out of his hole and saw him. He ran back in a fright; but soon reappeared and took a long look at the coyote. Then he drew nearer and nearer, for he saw that the coyote was dead. Soon out came another prairie dog and then another and another, until a large number of them were grouped about the dead coyote. They began to rejoice that their old enemy was dead. A council was called, and all the prairie dogs were summoned to attend and rejoice at the death of their enemy. When they had assembled, it was discovered that one prairie dog was missing, so four of their number were sent to request him to come to the council; but the prairie dog refused to go.

"I will stay here near my den and rejoice," he said. "I am crippled and cannot run fast, and I do not believe that the coyote is dead. He is only shamming."

The four dogs returned to the council and all the dogs danced around the body of their dead enemy, heaping insults upon him and calling him bad names. At last one, more bold than the rest, poked the coyote with his paw. The coyote sprang up seized all the prairie dogs near him. The others scampered away in terror. The lame prairie dog who had been watching the proceedings from afar off, ran limping to his den calling as he went:

"Kai-ek-ko e-suts-sa, kai-ek-ko e-sus-sa." (I told you so, I told you so.)

THE COYOTE AND THE HORNED TOAD

On the sunny side of a big, standing, sandstone rock sat a horn toad, duh-bin-ish-ki, singing a song. And this is what he sang:

“Mo-ki mo-ki mo-ki mo-ki mo-ki,
Yow-ni kut-chin-ni, yo-ni kut-chin-ni,
I-sin-nu ta-la-ma-ha.”

Translation:

Mo-ki mo-ki mo-ki mo-ki mo-ki,
The rock stands, the rock stands, right there.

A coyote (tsush-ki), happening to be in the vicinity, heard the song and said to himself, “Ah! that is my friend, the horn toad, singing. I must go and find him and learn to sing that song.”

The horn toad was still singing when the coyote appeared around the corner of the rock.

“How do you do, my friend?” said the coyote. “That is a beautiful song you are singing. Will you not sing it again for me? I wish to learn it.”

The obliging toad sang the song over and over, the coyote repeating the words, until he announced that he had learned it.

“Now,” said the coyote, “I must be going, for I have a long trip before me.” So he trotted away, singing the song he had learned.

When the coyote had gone, the horn toad said to himself, “He will soon return. He will forget the song and will come back for me to sing it to him again. Perhaps he will be friendly the next time he comes.”

Then the horn toad slipped out of his skin as easily as he would have taken off his overcoat. He put a large sharp piece of flint into the empty skin and crawled away and hid in the rocks.

As the coyote went on his journey, singing, he came suddenly to a small pond. There was a flock of ducks upon the pond; and, seeing the coyote, they flew up with a great clamor and quacking. The noise frightened the coyote so badly he forgot the song he had learned. As soon as he recovered from his fright he began to sing, but when he had sung "Mo-ki mo-ki mo-ki," he could get no further. Try as he would he could not recollect the remainder of the song. Finally he decided to go back to the horn toad and have him sing the song again. Accordingly he retraced his steps to the place where he had left the horn toad. The skin of the toad still sat by the rock, and the horn toad looked out from his hiding place at the coyote.

"My friend," began the coyote, addressing the empty skin, "I have forgotten the song you taught me. Will you not sing it for me again?"

For answer, the skin of the horn toad only sat and stared at the coyote.

"I will ask you four times to sing," growled the coyote, "and if you do not sing, I shall swallow you."

Four times the coyote repeated the request, but still the skin sat immovable and mute. At the fourth request, the coyote snapped up the skin of the horn toad and swallowed it. The sharp flint within cut his throat and stomach, and he fell down and died.



KO-CHIN-NI-NA-KO—IN THE MASK DANCES

SH-AH-COCK AND MIOCHIN OR THE BATTLE OF THE SEASONS

The Queres Indian traditions unlike those of most every other people, very rarely refer to their exploits in war and one not acquainted with them would, of course, naturally expect the reverse. This allegorical yarn of the battle of the seasons is their nearest attempt to portray a battle scene. True, they tell of various encounters with enemies, but the account is very meager. One reason is, that the Queres Indians are not a war like people, and another thing, to the old men and old women, who, as a general thing tell these stories most, the recounting of battle scenes is not very agreeable.

You have noticed that some of the traditions refer to the White Village of the north and others to the White Village of the southeast and others to the White Village furtherest southeast; showing that the migration was by stages to the northwest, to a certain point and from there, towards the south.

In the Kush-kut-ret-u-nah-tit (white village of the north) was once a ruler by the name of Hut-cha-mun Ki-uk (the broken prayer stick), one of whose daughters, Ko-chin-ne-na-ko, became the bride of Sh-ah-cock (the spirit of winter), a person of very violent temper. He always manifested his presence by blizzards of snow and sleet or by freezing cold, and on account of his alliance with the ruler's daughter, he was most of the time in the vicinity of Kush-kutret, and as these manifestations continued from month to month and year to year, the people of Kush-kutret found that their crops would not mature, and finally they were compelled to subsist on the leaves of the cactus.

On one occasion Ko-chin-ne-na-ko had wandered a long way from home in search of the cactus and had gathered quite a bundle and was preparing to carry home by singeing off the thorns, when on looking up she found herself confronted by a very bold but handsome young man. His attire attracted her gaze at once. He wore a shirt of yellow woven from the silks of the corn, a belt made from the broad green blades of the same plant, a

tall pointed hat made from the same kind of material and from the top of which waved a yellow corn tassel. He wore green leggings woven from kow-e-nuh, the green stringy moss that forms in springs and ponds. His moccasins were beautifully embroidered with flowers and butterflies. In his hand he carried an ear of green corn.

His whole appearance proclaimed him a stranger and as Ko-chin-ne-na-ko gazed in wonder, he spoke to her in a very pleasing voice asking her what she was doing. She told him that on account of the cold and drouth the people of Kush-kutret were forced to eat the leaves of the cactus to keep from starving.

“Here,” said the young man, handing her the ear of green corn. “Eat this and I will go and bring more that you may take home with you.”

He left her and soon disappeared going towards the south. In a short time he returned bringing with him a big load of green corn. Ko-chin-ne-na-ko asked him where he had gathered the corn and if it grew near by. “No,” he replied, “it is from my home far away in the south, where the corn grows and the flowers bloom all the year round. Would you not like to accompany me back to my country.” Ko-chin-ne-na-ko replied that his home must be very beautiful, but that she could not go with him because she was the wife of Sh-ah-cock. And then she told him of her alliance with the spirit of winter, and admitted that her husband was very cold and disagreeable and that she did not love him. The strange young man urged her to go with him to the warm land of the south, saying that he didn’t fear Sh-as-cock. But Ko-chin-ne-na-ko would not consent. So the stranger directed her to return to her home with the corn he had brought and cautioned her not to throw any of the husks out of the door. Upon leaving he said to her, “you must meet me

at this place tomorrow. I will bring more corn for you."

Ko-chin-ne-na-ko had not proceeded far on her homeward way ere she met her sisters who, having become uneasy because of her long absence, had come in search of her. They were greatly surprised at seeing her with an armful of corn instead of cactus. Ko-chin-ne-na-ko told them the whole story of how she had obtained it, and thereby only added wonderment to their surprise. They helped her to carry the corn home; and there she had again to tell her story to her father and mother.

When she had described the stranger even from his peaked hat to his butterfly moccasins, and had told them that she was to meet him again on the day following, Hutchamun Kiuk, the father, exclaimed:

"It is Mi-o-chin!"

"It is Mi-o-chin! It is Mi-o-chin!" echoed the mother. "Tomorrow you must bring him home with you."

The next day Ko-chin-ne-na-ko went again to the spot where she had met Mi-o-chin, for it was indeed Mi-o-chin, the spirit of summer. He was already there, awaiting her coming. With him he had brought a huge bundle of corn.

Ko-chin-ne-na-ko pressed upon him the invitation of her parents to accompany her home, so together they carried the corn to Kush Kut-ret. When it had been distributed there was sufficient to feed all the people of the city. Amid great rejoicing and thanksgiving, Mi-o-chin was welcomed at the Hotchin's (ruler's) house.

In the evening, as was his custom, Sh-ah-cock, the Spirit of the Winter, returned to his home. He came in a blinding storm of snow and hail and sleet, for he was in boisterous mood. On approaching the city, he felt within his very bones that Mi-o-chin was there, so he called in a loud and blustering voice:

“Ha! Mi-o-chin, are you here?”

For answer, Mi-o-chin advanced to meet him.

Then Sh-ah-cock, beholding him, called again:

“Ha! Mi-o-chin, I will destroy you.”

“Ha! Sh-ah-cock, I will destroy you,” replied Mi-o-chin, still advancing.

Sh-ah-cock paused, irresolute. He was covered from head to foot with frost (skah.) Icycles (ya-pet-tu-ne) draped him round. The fierce, cold wind proceeded from his nostrils.

As Mi-o-chin drew near, the wintry wind changed to a warm summer breeze. The frost and icicles melted and displayed beneath them, the dry, bleached bulrushes (ska-ra ska-ru-ka) in which Sh-ah-cock was clad.

Seeing that he was doomed to defeat, Sh-ah-cock cried out:

“I will not fight you now, for we cannot try our powers. We will make ready, and in four days from this time, we will meet here and fight for the supremacy. The victor shall claim Ko-chin-ne-na-ko for his wife.”

With this, Sh-ah-cock withdrew in a rage. The wind again roared and shook the very houses; but the people were warm within them, for Mi-o-chin was with them.

The next day Mi-o-chin left Kush Kutret for his home in the south. Arriving there, he began to make his preparations to meet Sh-ah-cock in battle.

First he sent an eagle as a messenger to his friend, Ya-chun-ne-ne-moot (kind of shaley rock that becomes very hot in the fire), who lived in the west, requesting him to come and help to battle with Sh-ah-cock. Then he called together the birds and the four legged animals—all those that live in sunny climes. For his advance guard and shield he selected the bat (pickikke), as its tough skin would best resist the sleet and hail that Sh-ah-cock would hurl at him.

Meantime Sh-ah-cock had gone to his home in the north to make his preparations for battle. To his aid he called all the winter birds and all of the four legged animals of the wintry climates. For his advance guard and shield he selected the Shro-ak-ah, (a magpie).

When these formidable forces had been mustered by the rivals, they advanced, Mi-o-chin from the south and Sh-ah-cock from the north, in battle array.

Ya-chum-ne-ne-moot kindled his fires and piled great heaps of risinous fuel upon them until volumes of steam and smoke ascended, forming enormous clouds that hurried forward toward Kush Kut-ret and the battle ground. Upon these clouds rode Mi-o-chin, the Spirit of Summer, and his vast army. All the animals of the army, encountering the smoke from Ya-chun-ne-ne-moot's fires, were colored by the smoke, so that, from that day, the animals from the south have been black or brown in color.

Sh-ah-cock and his army came out of the north in a howling blizzard and borne forward on black storm clouds driven by a freezing wintry wind. As he came on, the lakes and rivers over which he passed were frozen and the air was filled with blinding sleet.

When the combatants drew near to Kush Kut-ret, they advanced with fearful rapidity. Their arrival upon the field was marked by fierce and terrific strife.

Flashes of lightning darted from Mi-o-chin's clouds. Striking the animals of Sha-ah-cock, they singed the hair upon them, and turned it white, so that, from that day, the animals from the north have worn a covering of white or have white markings upon them.

From the south, the black clouds still rolled upward, the thunder spoke again and again. Clouds of smoke and vapor rushed onward, melting the snow and ice weapons of Sh-ah-cock and compelling him, at length, to retire from the field. Mi-o-chin, assured of victory,

pursued him. To save himself from total defeat and destruction, Sh-ah-cock called for an armistic.

This being granted on the part of Mi-o-chin, the rivals met at Kush Kut-ret to arrange the terms of the treaty. Sh-ah-cock acknowledged himself defeated. He consented to give up Ko-chin-ne-ne-ko to Mi-o-chin. This concession was received with rejoicing by Ko-chin-ne-na-ko and all the people of Kush Kut-ret.

It was then agreed between the late combatants that, for all time thereafter, Mi-o-chin was to rule at Kush Kut-ret during one-half of the year, and Sh-ah-cock was to rule during the remaining half, and that neither should molest the other.

MONTHS OF THE YEAR

January— Me-yo sitch ta-watch. (Me-yo, a little lizard; sitch, cut off; ta-watch, moon.) The month when the little lizard's tail freezes off.

February— (Yu mun—(Yu-mun, root of plant). Named after the root of a little plant, (daughter of spring).

March— Stchum-mu—(The same plant above ground).

April— Puschuts-otes—(Pus-chuts, sticky ground, otes, to plant). Wheat sowing time.

May— Sho-wats Otes—(When the ground is soft like ashes). Corn planting time.

June— A-chin—(Corn tassel).

July— Hi-shin—(First appearance of the ear of corn).

August— Ya-mon—(Beard of the corn).

September— Ki-nut—(Corn when it is in the milk).

October— Ki-ti-stchi-ta-ta—(Corn fully matured).

November— Hai-a-tssi—(Fall of the year).

December— Sin-ni-kok—(Middle of the winter).

